Robert Hughman,
Yoxford.

RB 203, 274

*Presented to the*
LIBRARY *of the*
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
*from*
*the estate of*
**J. Stuart Fleming**

WORKS OF THE SAME AUTHOR LATELY PUBLISHED.

I.

## THE VALE OF SLAUGHDEN;

A POEM, IN FIVE CANTOS.

SECOND EDITION.

"So striking have been the passages which I have adduced; so much of taste and feeling, of life and character, pervade their whole texture and composition, and so sustained is the impression of the incidents throughout, by the beauty and spirited harmony of the versification, that no person I am persuaded can withdraw from the perusal of the 'VALE OF SLAUGHDEN,' without a wish to see such encouragement bestowed, as may lead to further productions from the same source."—*Drake's Winter Nights*, No. XVIII.

II.

## MACHIN;

OR,

## THE DISCOVERY OF MADEIRA.

A POEM, IN FOUR CANTOS.

SECOND EDITION

"The poetical powers of Mr. BIRD, the author of the 'VALE OF SLAUGHDEN,' appear to great advantage in his production of 'MACHIN, OR THE DISCOVERY OF MADEIRA.' Mr. BIRD'S descriptive powers are great, and his alent in telling a simple and pathetic tale is fully evinced in the work before us."—*Monthly Magazine.*

III.

## COSMO,

## DUKE OF TUSCANY.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

"In the composition of his Tragedy, the author has shewn himself in full possession of poetical power, combined with dramatic tact."—*La Belle Assemblée.*

IV.

## POETICAL MEMOIRS.

## THE EXILE.

A TALE——SECOND EDITION.

"There is scarcely a page opened at random that is not thickly set with poetical beauties." *Gentlemen's Magazine.*

"Mr. BIRD is familiar with his harp, and, with the hand of a master, he can freely, boldly, and effectively command the utmost extent of its power."—*La Belle Assemblée.*

V.

## DUNWICH;

## A TALE OF THE SPLENDID CITY:

IN FOUR CANTOS.

"The incidents are new and striking; the language glowing, eloquent, and sometimes even splendid."—*Monthly Magazine.*

"A tale of love and arms, aided by much beautiful and even powerful description. The notes abound with curious historical and antiquarian information."—*La Belle Assemblée.*

VI.

## THE EMIGRANT'S TALE,

A POEM, IN TWO PARTS:

## AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SECOND EDITION.

### REVIEWERS' OPINIONS.

"The chief Poem in this volume is well imagined and well written. Some of the smaller Poems are of considerable beauty; truth of delineation abounds, and the writer copies from nature."—*The Athenæum, No.* 281.

"There is certainly something in the EMIGRANT'S TALE which reminds us pleasantly of *Crabbe*, one of the English Poets whom we most reverence.

"Among his Miscellanies Mr. BIRD has some delightful verses. Those addressed "To the Altar of St. George's, Hanover Square," that celebrated marriage mart, are admirable. "Castle Building" is good, and so are the "Farmer's Family," and the "Bank of England," with a variety of others. If there be any love for Poetry yet extant, Mr. BIRD will meet encouragement. We assure our readers that his present volume well merits their patronage."—*Court Magazine.*

"The EMIGRANT'S TALE is of an English Village and Parish in the happier olden times. It gives the customary group of Village Characters. The Schoolmaster, who demonstrates his ignorance by a rigorous application of birch—the bland Rector—a Curate, who might make a third to Goldsmith's Preacher and Chaucer's Priest—and a noble old Knight, Lord of the Manor. These sketches, interwoven with a domestic tale, give Mr. BIRD scope for his powers of description, which are natural, agreeable, and cultivated.

"Among the Miscellaneous Poems are some upon the most remarkable objects and monuments of London; these themes are well chosen, and place Mr. BIRD's poetical talents in a very favourable light."—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

VII.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PLATE,

*Price 7s. 6d. in Cloth,*

## FRAMLINGHAM:

## A NARRATIVE OF THE CASTLE.

A POEM, IN FOUR CANTOS.

"The story of this old Castle is rich in traditional and historical interest, in picturesque events, and romantic incidents; and Mr. BIRD, whose mind seems deeply tinged with a love of such lore, has treated it with ability, and heightened its effect by arraying it in the graces of poetry."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

"An interesting story, very poetically told."—*Literary Gazette.*

"A work characterized by a lofty strain of moral excellence and purity of sentiment."—*Lady's Magazine.*

"It is an interesting metrical love-tale of the time of Queen Mary. It is well told, and pictures of great interest are constantly brought before us; while the harmony, dignity, and strength of the verse, carries the reader rapidly through the book."—*Sunday Times.*

"The tale is as romantic as could be desired, and is well arranged, keeping the interest of the reader awake to the last."—*Athenæum.*

VIII.

## THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER:

## A DOMESTIC DRAMA;

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO ACTS: FIRST PERFORMED AT SADDLER'S-WELLS THEATRE,

LONDON;

BALDWIN AND CRADOCK,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

# FRANCIS ABBOTT

AND

# METROPOLITAN SKETCHES.

Mr. R. Hughman,
with the Author's friendly regards.

# FRANCIS ABBOTT,

THE

# RECLUSE OF NIAGARA:

AND

# METROPOLITAN SKETCHES;

SECOND SERIES.

BY JAMES BIRD.

LONDON:
BALDWIN AND CRADOCK.

M DCCC XXXVII.

C. SLOMAN, PRINTER,
YARMOUTH.

# PREFACE.

THE "Note" from ALEXANDER'S "*Transatlantic Sketches*,*" which is appended to the following Poem, "FRANCIS ABBOTT," will supply the particulars of "The Last Days" of that singularly unfortunate being. As so little is known of the earlier history of his life, I considered it no infringement of the licence universally allowed to the Poet, in giving him his original "local habitation" in a province, which is, from various causes, peculiarly dear to my recollections and feelings. And as the *cause* of the eccentric habits and singular alineation of mind of the Recluse still remains, and probably will remain, a mystery, I applied the same licence to the developement of it; and, as "*brooks run to rivers, rivers run to seas*," I have attempted to show the result of an indulged morbid sensibility, which,

* One of the best written and most interesting works that has appeared relative to America.

from apparently slight original causes, has gradually acquired an influence, that has led some of the most refined and delicately constituted minds to the very verge of

> That dread gulph, where passion lies and frets
> Till moody madness comes, and black despair!

In deviating slightly from the account given by Captain Alexander of the last scene in the life of Francis Abbott, I was actuated, not only by the consideration of making it less painful and repugnant to the feelings of the reader, but also from an idea, that the *probable* truth is in favour of the description which I have given; as it must, I apprehend, require a most unflinching determination, as well as great physical strength, to effect the purpose of self-destruction in the manner related by Captain Alexander, the correctness of which seems to rest entirely on the testimony of the Ferryman at Niagara.

It may be unnecessary to remark, that I have, in the Poem, paid no respect to the modern and fashionable pronunciation of the word *Niag'ara*. Mr. M'Gregor, as I have before remarked, refutes the opinion that the accent should be placed on the *second* syllable.

J. B.

Yoxford.

# FRANCIS ABBOTT;

THE

# RECLUSE OF NIAGARA.

# FRANCIS ABBOTT;

THE

# RECLUSE OF NIAGARA.

WHERE the clear GIPPING through the valley flows,
Where the green willow and the poplar grows,
So gently winds the stream, it seems at rest;
The laden barge upon its peaceful breast
Would slumbering lie through many a tedious hour,
Did not the patient horse, with sluggish power,
Drag it from lock to lock, unwearied, slow,
From its snug mooring near the wharf at STOW,
To where the ORWELL, of the tribute vain,
Salutes the stream, and bears it to the main.

The River strays through verdant meads and fields,
Clad in the beauty which fair SUFFOLK yields:
Yes, SUFFOLK! that poor county, which her best,
Her greatest Poet, in rough garb has drest;
How has his genius touched her barren shore,
That, bleak and wild, lies trembling at the roar
Of angry waves!—her lone and sterile heath,
With gorse above, and useless roots beneath,
The dark and sedgy fen, the naked reeds,
The stinted corn o'er-run with noisome weeds,
The fetid poppy, and the charlock gay,
Amid the crops, as profitless as they,
Which noble CRABBE, with graphic hand, hath placed
On Time's dark canvass, ne'er to be effaced!

Yet, SUFFOLK! thou hast fairer scenes than these,
Which, if they raise no wonder, more than please;
Health smiles around thy richly-wooded dales,
Luxuriant uplands, and refreshing vales,
Thy fields are like a fairy garden, wide,
Where art and nature are so close allied,
Their happy union has subdued the wild,
Their home is here, and beauty is their child!

Fair DISTRICT! where I drew my natal breath,
Awoke to life, and hope to sleep in death—
Where I have seen, and loved to see, green nooks,
Have heard, and joyed to hear, thy murmuring brooks—
Where I beheld, and gladdened to behold,
Lime, elm, ash, beech, and towering oaks of old—
Where I have felt sink in my heart the beams
Of the bright sun, that glowed on hills and streams:
Feign would I hope, in honour of my theme,
This dream of loveliness no fictious dream;
Well!—since thy scenes were ever dear to me,
SUFFOLK! I dare begin this theme with thee!

The GIPPING slowly glided on its way,
As softly calm as was the close of day,
Few sounds arose—the partridge on the hill
Called to his mate, and, in the vale the mill
Ran whirring round—the stock-dove in the wood
Was heard to coo beside her tender brood,
O'er the closed lock the water gently fell,
Yet 'woke not echo in her rural cell.
The sun, though sinking in the west, was bright,
And o'er the landscape threw redeeming light,

Illumed the grassy mead, the sloping ridge,
And faintly glittered on the narrow bridge
That lightly spanned the rippling stream between
The clustering fringes of the willow green,
While shone the water as a mirror clear,
And tree, wild shrub, sweet flower, and cottage near
Appeared reflected in the glossy stream
Soft as the shadows of a fairy dream.

Thou gentle RIVER!—though thou canst not vie
With nobler streams, whose fame may never die,
Well may'st thou brightly, proudly glide along
To join that lovelier stream, renowned in song,
In which, when thou art lost, though gone thy name,
Wed with the ORWELL thou'rt a part of fame!
What, if thou flowest through no rocky glades,
Spring'st not from mountains, fall'st not in cascades,
On thy green banks in childhood's sunny day
Oft have I strayed, and felt it joy to stray;
There have I watched the finny tribe, and there
Beheld the fisher with his treacherous snare,
Have seen the patient angler with his hook
And pliant line, sit with an anxious look

Fixed on his float, as though the doubtful fate
Of empires hung upon his tiny bait.
And here, a truant boy, the live-long day
I've loitered, strolled, and dreamed the hours away,
Till the old chapel-clock, perchance, struck nine,
And I awoke, nor marked the sun's decline:—
And I was three lone miles from home—had two
Drear, dark church-yards through which I needs must go!
Then of my mother's parting words I thought,
And thence new fears, and more vexation caught—
"Make haste!—and do your errand—go not nigh
The river's brink, for there the mermaids lie—
Be home at five!"——Oh! how my heart sank now—
Speed in my heels, and fever in my brow,
I hurried home, and to my little bed
Stole, like a culprit, by a door that led
Within our old huge DEER-BOLTS Hall, apart
From the tired household—then, with fluttering heart
Crept to my couch, and soon forgot my cares,
Forgot my mother, and (I fear) my prayers.

And thou, old RIVER! glidest on the same,
Thine aspect still as changeless as thy name,

The same green trees wave near thee as of yore,
And many now seem greener than before;
Thou flowest still unruffled in thy course,
While life's strong current, with resistless force,
Hath borne me onward, changed me since the hour
I strayed by thee, untried by passion's power:
Yet, though time's stream perchance has ruffled been,
By storms I saw not rise, but might have seen,
Yet, on its chequered banks thick scattered grew
Flowers of sweet fragrance, and of pleasing hue,
Planted by HIM who caused thine urn to flow,
Whose fount of love refreshes all below!

---

The sun-light lingered on the village green,
Where old and young, the grave and gay, were seen,
Now each discordant, jarring sound was mute,
Soft melting echoes of the warbling flute
And pipe and tabor gave their jocund tune,
While genial smiled the loveliest eve of June.
Two brothers gazed upon the lively train
That danced, exempt from care and vice, that reign

In courts, in camps, in cities, and in marts
Where gold and gain are cankering men's hearts!
The elder, FRANCIS ABBOTT, with a smile
Spoke to his brother HERBERT, who, the while,
With sparkling eye looked on the dance with glee,
O'erjoyed, the joy of other hearts to see.

FRANCIS.

Mark, HERBERT! with what grace yon lovely girl,
Whose bright blue eyes, through many a glossy curl,
Beam like two stars of lucid light, that show
Through floating clouds, on dimmer things below—
See, how she moves!—with what light step she bounds,
As sweetly wild the village music sounds:
That sylph-like form, methinks, was aptly made
To grace the goddess of this sylvan shade;
And that enchanting air!—her eye, her cheek,
So soft, yet bright—so beauteous, yet so meek!

HERBERT.

Brother! thy words seem kindled in the heart
By passion's warmth!—'tis said its fires impart

A glow so bright, that in its lustre lives
More than the mirror of stern truth ere gives!
The maid is fair—and, had I land and gold,
Domains unbounded, precious stores untold,
I would not prize what gauds like these confer,
Without sweet LUCY GRAHAM, or such as her!
FRANCIS! one secret lives within my breast,
By none suspected, and to none confessed—
Long have I hoped on this fond theme to speak
To thee, my only brother!—I would seek
The heart, the hand of LUCY!—start not now,
Nor let a cloud thus gather on thy brow,
Full well I know my peace is dear to thee,
Kind hast thou been, as thou art still to me,
E'en when some error leads my thoughtless mind
Astray, disporting like the frolic-wind—
And, could I know fair LUCY's love were mine,
Blessed would my fate be, and more glad be thine
To share my happiness!—to thee alone
I trust the secret of my soul—and soon
More joy, dear FRANCIS, may my words impart,
When LUCY crowns my rapture with her heart!

Oh! how it glads my bosom to possess
A friend who shares my transports, my distress,
A brother, from whose presence I ne'er kept
Smiles in my gladness, tears when I have wept;
And *now* to hear me speak will yield delight
To him, who loves to see my hope most bright!

As HERBERT ceased, he saw his brother's cheek
Flush with emotion, though he did not speak;
His eye was troubled as he forced a smile,
And pressed the willing hand of HERBERT, while
He turned away abruptly from the spot,
As though he heard no voice, or heeded not:—
Yet FRANCIS loved his brother as his own
Undying soul, which suddenly was thrown
By HERBERT'S generous trust upon a wave
That dashed his aspirations to the grave!
Yes! *he* had felt the influence of the grace
Of LUCY'S mind, the beauty of her face:
He loved!—but knew not, till this trying hour,
The depth, the height, the might of passion's power.
He had not dared to breathe to mortal ear,
The truth that LUCY to his soul was dear,

Though he had seen, and loved, and hoped to wear
Upon his heart a beauteous gem so rare.
But now!—the fountain of his lips was sealed
By HERBERT's frank confession!—had it steeled
His breast against true loveliness and worth,
He still had known the happiness of earth:
But, like a torrent, when by rocks delayed,
Still rises, spreads, and will not long be stayed,
O'er the rough verge it breaks, and gains new force
E'en from those rocks that barred it in its course;
So FRANCIS felt his bosom's passion gain
New strength from checks that might awhile restrain.
With him had HERBERT played in childhood's glee,
Lisped his first prayer beside their mother's knee,
Together had they grown, and thought, and dwelt,
Together reasoned, and in union felt:
Could aught divide them?—they who thus were joined
In love fraternal, one in heart and mind?
The only children of their parents' care,
Their youth's horizon had been bright and fair;
But *now* a little cloud was seen to rise,
Though but a speck, and distant from their eyes,

Yet, it *might* spread, and gather o'er life's sky
In deeper darkness, threatening still more nigh,
Till every star of joy, and every ray
That yielded light to glad them on their way,
And e'en that sun, (the last from man to sever)
The sun of hope, be blotted out for ever!

The youths were noble in their minds and mien,
Both were the same, yet both how different seen!
Alike in moral worth, and in the aim
That leads us on to virtue, and to fame,
Alike their forms in manly grace were clad,
One was oft wild with joy, and one was sometimes sad.

The mind of FRANCIS, lofty and acute,
Reflected much, though oft his lips were mute,
A mild reserve was in his manners seen,
Oft from the world abstracted had he been
By bright imagination's subtle power,
That wings the soul above the present hour;
He loved to stray along the grassy vale,
To listen, lonely, to the wandering gale,

To hear the murmur of the swelling sea,
And o'er the heath-clad hill, or o'er the lea,
To watch the lark upon her airy wing,
Float 'mid the fleecy clouds, and floating sing;
To mark the watchful, melancholy moon
Glide through her sea of ether; and alone
He oft was wont to ponder on man's fate,
The change, the good, the evil of his state:
There was a pathos in his youthful heart,
Though rarely seen, it deeply dwelt apart
From all the showy world's delight and boast,
And shunned the folly that inspires it most.
Yet, came there aught to call his feelings forth,
Triumphant virtue, or desponding worth,
Benignant wealth, or poverty in tears,
Youth's restless hope, and manhood's opening fears,
These, and the nobler energies of mind,
That raise, adorn, and dignify mankind—
These o'er his soul held sway, and, when their power
Threw gloom or lustre on the passing hour,
Self-love was dead, his warm, best feelings 'woke,
And love for man, like sun-light o'er them broke!

And such was FRANCIS ABBOTT; yet another
The humble pencil claims—his joyous brother!
In HERBERT'S soul there beamed a lamp, whose flame
Trimmed with the oil of gladness, burned the same,
Howe'er the rough external world might jar,
Or hostile factions sound the trump of war,
Howe'er old village scandal, in her ire,
Might move her tongue in scorn at dame or squire,
Whate'er the village gossipers might tell
Of this delinquent swain, that flirting belle,
If sunshine beamed, or gloomy fogs oppressed,
The wind blew north, or south, or east, or west,
If rain descended through the live-long day,
And spoilt his cricket, though he loved the play,
Howe'er the petty ills of life might give
A moral death to some, he still could live!
We start from shadows here!—How oft life brings
Trouble to common minds!—ignoble things
Not worth a rush, to them will evils seem,
As a light breeze disturbs a shallow stream.
But HERBERT rose above those ills—he saw
The bright side of life's picture, and could draw

From barren scenes a solace, and impart
His own rich colouring to a dreary heart.
Where e'er he moved he was a welcome guest,
With him came sunshine to the icy breast,
Reserve before his generous warmth would melt,
And hearts would feel which had but rarely felt;
His playful wit was like the moon's bright ray,
Which, though it scorches not, illumes the way;
And, in his laugh there lived that gladsome tone,
Which, when called forth, was never heard alone:
And, when the jocund villagers were seen
In social groups, or dancing on the green,
Or where the elder, graver folk, would sit,
And, while they talked of wisdom, laughed at wit,
All, when they met—for he to all was dear—
Would ask, with sparkling eyes—"Is HERBERT here?"

Such were the brothers, and, though thus unlike,
As different notes make music when we strike
The chords harmonious, so their varied minds
Blended in that sweet harmony, which binds
Contrasted souls, and gives to life a power
And tone, to charm its ever changing hour,

As on it glides from varying day to day,
Then dies in richer melody away!

Could time ere bring one melancholy token
That these sweet chords would be for ever broken?—
Two stars may brightly shed their mingled light,
Yet both be darkened by the clouds of night—
Two flowers together on one stem may grow,
Yet both be crushed by one untimely blow—
Two streams may spring from one untainted source,
And smoothly glide together in their course,
Yet rocks may rise, and part them as they run;
Their waters troubled, and new strife begun,
Thenceforth they flow so far apart, no more
To glide unruffled to the distant shore,
But hoarsely murmur to the rugged coast,
Till both in ocean's stormy caves be lost!

The merry dance was o'er—by HERBERT'S side
Sat LUCY GRAHAM—Oh! had she been his bride,
He felt that *then*, howe'er old time might wend
His tortuous way to life's brief journey's end,

For *him* no storms would lower, no tempests rise,
But love's glad sun beam over cloudless skies,
And never set, but, with unfading ray
Diffuse one changeless, one perennial day!
How joyous rose the heart of HERBERT now,
The light of rapture played upon his brow,
He smiled, and spoke of love, and then his breast
Swelled with its native mirth, which, unrepressed
Broke forth in sportive jest, and wit, that brought
A pungent relish to the feast of thought.

Near them stood FRANCIS, 'neath a lofty oak
Whose green and pendent branches softly broke
The rising moon's pale ray, as bright it fell
On the small brook that murmured through the dell.
His eye was fixed upon his brother's face,
Then wandered slow to LUCY'S softer grace;
He saw, or thought he saw, within her eye
Expressive light, that showed her sympathy
With HERBERT'S soul—she listened, while his tongue
Told merry tales, and laughing echoes rung:
They seemed the happiest, fairest, loveliest there:
And FRANCIS saw—then drooped his heart with care!

His love was yet untold—and now he deemed
His brother snatched the bliss of which he dreamed—
The vision fled, the present showed to him
A sad reality, whose shadows, dim,
Might gather round his life, and thus o'ercast
The hope for which he wished that life to last!
Yet—could he blame his HERBERT? no! he knew
*His* heart was guileless, generous, and true—
And FRANCIS ne'er had whispered—ne'er confessed
The struggling passion of his ardent breast.—
Again he gazed upon the youthful pair,
One was so manly, one so passing fair;
Oh! now he felt as though his brother's power
Were like a serpent in his Eden's bower;—
He looked again, and, as the rosy smile
Of LUCY beamed, devoid of care and guile,
From her sweet lips love's angel seemed to start,
To mock the torturing demon in his heart!

Meantime how many a jocund heart that night
Beat with a pulse electric with delight:
Here was the village LAWYER, here his briefs
Were all forgotten, as were all his griefs:

He was a staid, yet merry man, who ne'er
Frowned at a dance, nor saddened at good cheer,
He loved the bright, the young, the gay, the free,
Yet, while he thought of these, forgot no fee;
If asked to solve some hard and knotty point,
Where law and equity seemed out of joint,
Quick would he make obscurity appear
Like moonlight through a fog, not wholly clear,
Yet with enough of doubtful light to show
How much we asked, how little we might know!
Held as the country oracle, *he* knew
The law so well, that all he said was true;
The lion of the place, his agile paws
Would sieze effects, though not without a cause;
To guard his village greatness was his care,
His wife the first, his house the second there,
Next to the 'Squire's in grandeur, and in taste,
Above the level of the Vicar's placed.

The good old Vicar! he had joined the throng,
He shunned not gladness where it brought no wrong,
His eye beamed mild on all—his placid age
Revealed how fair had been his pilgrimage;

Though old in years his *heart* was youthful now,
'Twas summer there, though winter on his brow.
The good old Vicar!—I have heard him oft
In friendly converse lift the soul aloft,
Yet, as he pointed to the sky, forgot
No hope, no trial of our common lot,
He breathed the spirit of contentment o'er
The path of life, which then seemed rough no more,
But, strewed with flowers, it led to Heaven at last,
Vice shrunk appalled—her thorny track was past!

And there was one most jocund in the train,
The well-known MARTIN of the Mill—his brain
Seemed in a whirl, like his own circling wheels,
And, though three score, the boy was in his heels,
He danced, if somewhat stately, yet as gay
In heart as younger men, more sure than they!
He was a man who earned his wealthy store
Like one who feels it needful, and no more:
Was money wanted—he had some to lend,
And, though no spendthrift, oft would freely spend;
Robust of limb, and not inert of soul,
He took life's chances as he took his toll,

Without a murmur, without much restraint!
In either case how useless were complaint;
If forced from others, or himself it came,
The chance was taken—and the toll the same!—
When the day's toil was past, beside his door
Beneath a porch, with woodbine clustered o'er,
There would he sit, and, with a neighbour drink
His nut-brown ale, too happy then to think;—
He heeded not the world, its care, its toil,
Schemes that embarrass, vices that embroil:
He smiling heard the clacking mill go round,
Heard something pleasing in its very sound—
And, with his bustling wife, his busy mill,
Felt no alarm lest life should prove too still;
Her thrifty gains from constant action sprung,
Her lasting care as ready as her tongue;
Thus, if the changeful wind should cease to blow,
The summer stream in less profusion flow,
Though slept the water-wheel, the wind-mill sail,
Her own soft voice would never, never fail!

Sweet woman's tongue! I love to hear its chime
That drowns the heavier iron tongue of time!

Rich in its tones, and varied in its power,
Its accents falling like an April shower
Upon the snow-drops of man's heart, to cheer,
Warm, soften, cherish, animate, endear!

The Miller's daughter too!—but, should my verse
Attempt in lengthened numbers to rehearse
The various merits of the nymphs so fair,
And swains who sought the green, the pastime there,
Our page would swell to many a ponderous quire,
The writer languish, and the reader tire.
Enough to tell that gladsome hearts were met,
The dance had ended, and the sun had set,
That peace and innocence were there combined
With joy, to throw a lustre o'er the mind.

The mellow music wafted slow on high,
The noiseless stars, all listening in the sky,
The summer moon that with her softened ray
Made night less glowing, yet more fair than day,
The social jest, the tale which gave delight,
And lit soft eyes with lustre more than bright,

The laugh that echoed from the heart at ease,
Sweet, happy faces, these, and more than these
Threw mirth's inspiring mantle o'er the throng,
While rose the gladdening melody of song;
And HERBERT'S voice in varied tones arose,
So glad, they broke the dullest heart's repose,
That voice most welcome in the social hour,
Enriched with sweetness, and endued with power,
Was heard, while transport in each bosom sprang,
And hailed the charm of music while he sang:

Oh! tell me not this life's a toy
That yields us nought of pleasure;
Its cup is nearly filled with joy,
And who shall stint its measure?

Then, say not Time his scythe will wet
To crop our hopes while growing,
Let these in virtue's soil be set,
And lightly heed his mowing!

There beams a fair bright world beneath,
A brighter world above us—
Why shade our brows with a cypress wreath,
While one true heart can love us?

Then tell me not that love is sad,
That his light will fade in sorrow:
I feel his sun in my own heart glad,
And shall feel it there to-morrow!

Night reigned majestic o'er the earth—her throne
Was gemmed with stars, and the resplendent moon
Adorned her brow, that seemed a watch to keep
Solemn, and silent o'er man's wonted sleep.
Yet FRANCIS sought the charm of sleep in vain,
Or, if he slept, dark visions in his brain
Came with their horror to distract his soul,
He saw the flash—he heard loud thunder roll—
Saw LUCY sit beneath her favourite oak,
While round her fast the vivid lightning broke,

Beheld it strike the rending tree, and cast
Its shattered fragments to the angry blast;
Then saw he HERBERT rush, and snatch her form
With anxious haste in safety from the storm,
Perceived him fondly gaze upon her face,
As though his soul had mingled with its grace;
He heard her sigh on HERBERT's throbbing breast—
So wild his dream! his sleep so void of rest!
He started from his couch, and strove to gain
A transient respite from that mental pain,
Reason and passion were at strife—one led
To placid fountains by clear waters fed,
The other pointed to a swelling sea,
Whose billows tempt us, stormy though they be!

He paced his lonely chamber—strove in vain
To banish LUCY's image from his brain,
That image lived in every sense, and mixed
With every thought, however changed, or fixed!
His memory wandered to his boyish days
When kindness spoken was not specious praise,
When the swift hours on wings enchanted sped,
And gladness followed where his fancy led,

Ere passion kindled in his breast a flame
That scathed it with its lightning, when it came,
That *now* was burning in his brain and heart,
From which he felt it could no more depart,
Love in his soul omnipotent, its power
Could die, but only in his dying hour!
And, should he blame a brother, who had known
Affection's impulse kindred with his own?
And, could he marvel that the beauty's light
Which charmed his eyes should dazzle HERBERT'S sight?
That the same virtue, the same spotless soul,
Should bring *both* hearts beneath its sweet controul?
That LUCY'S matchless worth and grace should bind
A spell o'er his, and o'er his brother's mind?

And, could he doubt that brother's love had won
The fairest gem beneath the glowing sun?
The thought was agony!—to him most dear
Was HERBERT'S peace, yet, must his own career
Hence from his brother's be dissevered wide—
He could not live to *see* her HERBERT'S bride!
No!—he resolved in other lands to roam,
To seek the peace denied him now at home:

That home, in which his childhood had been passed,
Where every hour seemed happier than the last;
That peaceful home, where parents, ever kind,
Had reared to virtue, and to truth his mind;
That happy home, in which his youth had been
By care unharmed, by envy's eye unseen;
That cheerful home, where he the joy had known,
Which, like a seraph, round his heart had flown;
That sacred home, where, in his youthful breast,
Grew life's most hallowed feelings, and its best:
And could he now forsake it?—now, that years
There passed in happiness, scarce dimmed by tears,
Had made the spot, as 'twere, a part of thought,
In every moment of existence wrought!

With quickened steps he paced his chamber o'er,
While each fresh impulse agonized him more;
Then, as he knelt to pray, his fevered brain
So burned and throbbed, his holiest thoughts were vain—
He heard without his brother's cheerful voice,
Whose every tone *had* made his heart rejoice:—
"Arise, my idle FRANCIS!—glad, the sun
His May-morn pilgrimage has just begun,

The dew shines on the flowers, and every bush
Is full of melody—the joyful thrush
Pours forth in extacy his matin song—
Attend me to the woodlands!—haste along!
How bright, how lovely is the morning's smile,
And LUCY waits me by the upland stile—
Haste!—let us forth!—and, as we wend our way,
With happy converse cheer the growing day!"

In these familiar tones sad FRANCIS heard
Sounds fraught with agony—nay, every word
That HERBERT spoke was as a dagger's blade,
Which left no balm to soothe the wound it made!
His thrilling voice, so jocund at the time,
Struck on his brother's ear as doth the chime,
Solemn, and mournful, passing for the dead,
Strike on the heart that feels its solace fled!

When love first touches with his kindling flame
The soul that thrills e'en but to hear his name,
When lavish hope, the sweet enchantress, builds
Her fairy palace, which affection gilds,

How sinks the heart if wavering doubt come nigh,
At whose cold frown extatic visions fly!
While fear, the dread magician, dark as night,
Sweeps with his wand that palace from the sight!

Time hurried on,—though swift as thought he sped,
He moved, with FRANCIS, on a wing of lead,
Dull, heavy, lingering in its toilsome flight,
While FRANCIS saw its shadow, missed its light;
In vain the sun upon his cloudless way
Gladdened the world—to him it was not day;
In vain his friends like stars around him shone,
Were they as countless, he had felt alone!
Now came the sad, the melancholy hour,
Which o'er the young heart holds its magic power,
In which it first forsakes the natal spot,
Dear to the soul, whate'er its chequered lot.—
He left his home to join a patriot band,
That strove for freedom in a distant land,
Where famed NAPOLEON led his gallic train,
And dyed with blood the mournful hills of SPAIN.

Strange! that man e'er must *strive*, as he has striven,
To gain his birth-right, freedom! gift of heaven!
That oft, when striving most, when most oppressed,
While victory hovers near his righteous crest,
When the rough strife is o'er, he finds his gains
Clench yet another rivet on his chains!

The parting morn arrived—a lovely morn,
The first, and fairest of sweet summer born,
And FRANCIS paused upon the path that led
Down from the upland, while the dew-drops, shed
From bush, and flower, were smiling in his way,
As though to greet the brighter smile of day.
His father's last "Farewell"—his mother's last
Fond kiss of love maternal, both were past—
And HERBERT grasped his hand, as with a smile,
Though tears were sparkling in his eyes the while,
He cried, "My Brother! though the restless main
Will far divide us, we shall meet again,
And meet in happiness!"—He could no more,
His heart felt hope, yet sorrow at its core,
As FRANCIS turned, and with a bitter sigh
That rose to tell of struggling agony—

He shed no tear, the feelings of his soul
Were far above a common grief's controul,
He felt as though the fountain of his tears
Were dried by passion's fire—his earlier years
Passed in the bosom of his native vale,
And *once* so happy—now were as a tale
Told, and forgotten, and his present sorrow
Seemed all his yesterday—to-day—to-morrow!

Onward he passed—and, as each object dear,
Grown more familiar from glad year to year,
Now met his eye, he lingered, loth to part
From scenes that first won rapture from his heart.
The happy home that graced the wooded hill,
The open, winding vale, the busy mill,
Whose sails, seen whirling through the spreading trees,
Were ever sporting with the playful breeze,
The shady meadow, where the purling stream
Had lulled his soul in childhood's peaceful dream,
The lofty trees, beside the little brook,
From whose high leafy tops the early rook
Oft roused him from his couch at rosy dawn,
To breathe the health, the fragrance of the morn,

The silent grove, from which his hand would bring
The first pale primrose of the welcome spring—
The hawthorn-tree, from whose new-blossomed spray
He plucked the earliest offering of sweet May,
And bore it to his mother, with that joy
Which marks the spirit of the happy boy—
The lowliest flower, nay, e'en the very weed
Which he, in happier moments, might not heed,
Gave, as beside his mournful path it grew,
A deeper sadness to his last adieu!

When the wide world, unknown, before us lies,
When first our home is fading from our eyes,
When in our youth we leave that spot, and hear
A father's blessing, see a mother's tear,
All that we love, and prize, and leave behind,
To seek a phantom, subtle as the wind,
All that was dearest, which we see no more,
We almost live to worship and adore;
Loved objects lost, thus, in our changeful state
Seem, next to God, the guardians of our fate!
Oh! may their influence o'er the heart be strong,
Nursed in our kindly bosoms, cherished long;

Then, though the world, and worldly cares may press,
Its wiles deceive us, and its woes distress,
Yet, if our souls this genial influence hold,
Though full of years the heart will ne'er grow old!

Now FRANCIS reached the copse that crowned the glade,
And, as he paused a moment, from its shade
He heard a sweet, low voice—how deep its tone
Thrilled in his soul!—beside the brook, alone,
Beneath a willow, whose light fringes hung
O'er the clear stream, sat LUCY, while she sung.
Her bright blue eye was on the earth, her hair
Hung in soft ringlets o'er a cheek so fair
That, had it not been tinged by passion's glow,
It might have seemed too fair for aught below:
Around her form there dwelt a fairy-charm—
The cottage-bonnet, slung upon her arm,
The small white hand that rested on her knee,
Her air, her voice, so rich with melody,
Her slightly heaving bosom, while the strain
Flowed from her lips, yet 'woke not echo's train,
Her sylph-like form—from these she well might seem
Some gentle Naiad of the peaceful stream:—

While, as his ear caught every tuneful word,
With strange emotion lingering FRANCIS heard.

The sea will soon between us roll,
And, like the troubled deep,
The restless passion of my soul
Can never calmly sleep!

For he who to my heart is dear,
Will wander far away,
And, though I wish his presence here,
I dare not ask his stay!

Oh, woman's love, unsought, untold,
Must hide within its shrine,
Though precious as the secret gold,
Close hidden in its mine.

But what is sordid gold to love?
The one of earth is part,
The other springs from Heaven above,
The Angel of the heart!

She ceased her song, and FRANCIS stood like one
Who feels within his struggling soul begun
A conflict of wild thoughts, and wilder fears,
To throw their shadows o'er his future years!
Scarce had these thoughts so strange, so undefined,
Mere lightning gleams of passion from his mind,
Scarce had they birth, when LUCY passed the brook
O'er the small rustic bridge:—the blood forsook
Her cheek, as, turning from the shaded dell,
Her eyes on FRANCIS at the moment fell:
But, with that grace which only woman can
Conceal her heart from less perceptive man,
She smiled, and spoke:—"Ha! FRANCIS! parting here
From all that long has made existence dear,
And did not deign to give me one farewell.—
Doubtless the tokens of thy friends will tell
Of changeless love, of their remembrance sweet,
Of hope's fair promise soon again to meet:—
And *I*, at HERBERT'S earnest plea, have wrought
A little token of the pledge of thought,
That will not die, but comfort us, and be
A living link to join us still to thee

When far away!"—She said, and playful flung
A wreath around his neck, then gaily sprung
Light as a fawn, beside the winding stream,
And quickly vanished, like a lovely beam
Of summer-light, that flashes o'er our way,
And then departs, ere we can wish its stay!

With folded arms, and downcast eyes, and heart
That beat as though its very blood would start
From his hot swelling veins, to cool the flame
That spread insidious through his fevered frame,
Stood FRANCIS, 'neath an old, yet stately tree,
Whose topmost branches, lightning-struck, might be
A mournful type of human hopes, like those
Which in his bosom to be blasted rose!

Long was the pause, ere his excited soul
With calmer reason could its storm controul,
And, when reflection came, it only brought
Distracting doubts, while thought succeeded thought
As do the waves, when first the winds arise,
The gale increasing, added strength supplies,

They roll in wilder tumult more and more,
To break, at last, upon a barren shore!
So flowed his thoughts.—The dubious song he heard
From LUCY's lips—the token she conferred,
Blended with HERBERT's name—the playful tone
With which she left him by the brook alone;—
These thoughts but led him to a trackless waste,
In which hope's steps were faint, if not effaced:
And, if hope lived—if through life's vista dim
Might shine a ray of love, and joy for him,
If LUCY's heart were even all his own,
His bosom's peace with HERBERT's had so grown,
That, what o'er *him* might throw a saddening shade,
Would wrap them both within the gloom it made!
Then turned his thought (for who quick thought can bind)
To all the graces of his brother's mind,
The lighter shades of feeling, and the sense
Of cheerful wit, his winning eloquence,
That filled the heart, as music does the ear,
To make us wish its tones were ever near;
His sunny smile, which if a cloud came o'er,
But seemed to mark its influence the more,

As when aught dims the shrouded orb of day,
The less we see the more we prize his ray:
And thus comparing HERBERT'S with his own
Intenser mind, its deeper, graver tone,
And falsely judging woman's soul as won
By the first dazzling light she gazes on,
He seemed to shrink before his brother's beam
As doth a star, when, o'er the water's gleam,
Aurora's sapphire chariot, on its way
To bear abroad the victor-king of day!
He still believed fair LUCY was a flower
Which not *his* hand might plant in Hymen's bower,
Her heart a pearl which he must never wear,
Her love a treasure which he must not share.

He mused no longer—for, the more his thought
Dwelt on that theme, the more despair it wrought;
He left the spot—he reached the hill's tall brow,
Turned—gazed once more upon the vale below—
His native vale!—The light smoke softly curled
From his own home—till *now* his only world—
The sun was sinking slow behind the trees,
He heard his brother's voice upon the breeze,

Saw the kine wind the verdant mead along,
As home he lured them with a plaintive song.
That voice so sweet, so musical, so dear,
From childhood's dawn, through every opening year
By FRANCIS deeply prized:—Oh! now his youth
Flashed o'er his mind in all its happiest truth;
He gazed no more:—his bosom swelled with pain,
Grief in his heart, and fever in his brain,
Quick from the spot he rushed, and mournful left
Kindred, and scenes beloved, and lost, and reft
Thus from his eyes, though in his heart to dwell,
E'en though for ever were this sad farewell!

Time fled—and HERBERT had perceived the breast
Of LUCY was not, like his own, at rest,
He soon believed that breast would never glow
With love for him alone—her all below—
He saw that oft a melancholy stole
Soft, and insidious o'er her pensive soul.
Enough—he saw her care—his heart despised
Inflicting pain on one so dearly prized.

Still would she listen to his kind discourse,
Gay by its freedom, striking by its force,
She seemed more happy when with him she talked,
And strayed in woodland paths, where FRANCIS walked
In hours for ever vanished!—still a charm
Lived in those scenes—the air to her was balm
Where he had breathed, yet might not breathe again,
FRANCIS—far off upon the battle plain!
Oft would she speak of him, while HERBERT'S heart
Swelled high, and joy's delightful tear would start
Bright from his eye, to hear his brother's name
Recalled by lips, whose breath was more than fame!
Yet HERBERT knew not, guessed not, that she spoke
Of one whose name within her bosom 'woke
A glow of feeling, whose extatic heat
Gave every pulse new rapture while it beat!

Time's stream flowed on.—How fast, yet fair it flows!
How sweet life's flower upon its margin grows!
And he who plucks its tender blossoms here,
Gathers with hope, yet touches them with fear,
Will find their fragrance and their bloom will last
When the far bounds of fading earth be past!

The past, though known, is dead—the present flies
Like a thin vapour, scarcely seen, and dies—
The future, dark, man's longing eye escapes,
Though hope invests it with a thousand shapes;
A few revolving suns our fate may change,
And what *has* been, be as a vision, strange,
And, what we deemed could *never* be, may form
A sun for life's calm day, a rainbow for its storm!

Soon HERBERT felt this truth;—his eye had seen
A village maiden of attractive mien,
Though LUCY's virtues, and her beauty, first
Inspired his love, though born, it was not nurst
By her who gave it birth:—and HERBERT's mind,
Though all unlike the ever-changing wind,
Was blest with that elastic spring of joy
Which yields new bliss, if time the old destroy:
The good we lose 'tis useless to deplore,
And rapture gone can be recalled no more!
His heart was formed in life's most social mould,
And, when he saw the human soul unfold
Its joys, its hopes, its energies, its power
To rise, to triumph o'er the passing hour,

E'en though some link be from the bosom torn,
Some object lost for which it can but mourn,
He held it meet with wisdom to caress
All that was left to captivate, to bless.

HERBERT had thus believed—believed it still,
And, when he saw fair ELLEN of the mill,
Mild as the stream that glided by her home,
Sweet as the flower that shed its summer bloom
Beside its banks, and lovely as the scene
Around the mill, which when the eye had been
Long gazing on its beauty, loth to part,
Would drop, like balm into the melting heart!
Yes—HERBERT saw the maiden, saw, and told
His tender tale—will e'er such tales grow old?
He breathed his passion, that ensured the bliss
Of love returned—has earth a joy like this?

When woman's love is first confessed for one
To whom she shineth like a quickening sun,
The centre of his gladness, while her ray
Brings all of light that then illumes his day,

That thrilling moment of new life can give
A joy for which alone 'twere worth to live!

Lucy and Ellen had been friends since time
First 'woke the dawning of their reason's prime,
Affection's bond seemed now yet closer tied,
Since Ellen's fate with Herbert's was allied,
Plighted in truth:—yes! Lucy's generous breast
Could swell with joy to see another blest,
Though frequent sank her bosom, when she saw
The tender spell of fond endearment draw
The trusting lovers into converse sweet,
Dear to young hearts that all enchanted meet:
Then came a cloud o'er Lucy's soul—to none
She breathed the truth, that, far away dwelt one
Whose image lived in every secret thought
That moved her breast, while deep emotion wrought
Its hectic on her cheek, which sometimes glowed
With hope's warm flush, then chilling fear bestowed
A tender shade of sorrow, stealing pale,
As though to tell its melancholy tale.

Meanwhile had FRANCIS to the battle sped,
Rushed to the fields where patriots fought and bled;
Heard the last sigh of gallant MOORE, the groan
From hearts that left him in his grave alone;
Saw havoc reeling from *Corunna's* fight,
Viewed slaughter's feast on *Pampeluna's* height;
Beheld the war-fiend as he yelled aloud,
And gloomed o'er Europe like a thunder-cloud;
Marked the fierce struggle in devoted SPAIN:
Some warred for freedom, others fought for gain.
Oh! gain has oft the readiest heroes made,
In war they traffic, and in glory trade;
And oft-times he, the chieftain of the game,
Who shouts "To Glory!"—"Liberty!"—"and Fame!"
Who gains the first "Huzza!" and ALL the praise
Won by ten thousand hands, ten thousand ways,
Who shares the greatest plunder, smallest toil,
Finds the true patriot buried in the spoil!

State wars with state, but not in history's page
We always find a *reason* for their rage;
Why are men foes together placed so near
That, from one strand the other's cliffs appear?

Though like two brothers lie their neighbouring lands,
From either shore they might, as 'twere, shake hands,
A different language, or a different creed
*Have* proved enough to make the million bleed;
While narrow jealousies, and petty scorn,
Nursed long by prejudice, of folly born,
Spread o'er the British and the Gallic realm
Griefs that o'ershadow, terrors that o'erwhelm,
Then flowed a deluge of hot tears and blood,
And mercy's ark ne'er rested on its flood!

FRANCIS had fought in many a gallant field,
And, though to none in valour would he yield,
Though to his standard rank and honours came,
Though spotless glory marked his path to fame,
Yet, his heart sickened at the battle strife,
That sports with peace, and liberty, and life:
He saw the trivial fire that lit the brand
Of vengeance, oft, from echoing land to land;
He saw that discord's most triumphant reign
Brings certain woe to slayers and to slain,
That e'en proud victory's continued tread
Will crush the living as it has the dead—

That where the stream of human gladness flows
The laurel withers, and the olive grows.
And, when his home to memory came, his heart
Was still of that endearing spot a part—
How dwelt his soul on cherished joys long past!
From earliest thought to that despairing, last
Farewell, he breathed, when, from his home he went
Contentless—still a stranger to content!
Then would he muse on LUCY, and behold
As in a dream, her happy home unfold,
In which his brother, HERBERT, smiled in bliss,
Where LUCY'S love, and where a cherub-kiss
From her sweet child impressed his brother's lips—
Then, o'er his heart would steal a dark eclipse,
Whose shade, in spite of reason's stern controul,
Would veil hope's sunshine from his struggling soul!

Rarely had FRANCIS, 'mid the nations' strife,
Heard from his home, and friends more loved than life,
Though HERBERT'S hand had written oft, to tell
The village news, and what at home befel.
His letters breathed a spirit that could see
Nought in the world but grace and harmony,

He spoke of all that to his heart were bound,
Joy yet to find, and bliss already found.—
And, had the eye of FRANCIS, haply, seen
The lines so traced, his future fate had been
Less marked by sorrow, whose dark shadow now
Would sometimes steal across his thoughtful brow.
Yet, had he read of HERBERT'S peace, and known
His heart most happy—LUCY'S all his *own*,
Then would his soul, on passion's ocean tost,
Her compass shattered, and her pole-star lost,
Have rested tranquil, like a bark that braves
A thousand storms, yet triumphs o'er the waves.
But HERBERT'S letter came not 'mid the jar
Of hostile factions and the clang of war,
The social spirit of the time had fled
And order's self was banished, or was dead—
Was love's or friendship's token sent—the heart
Might long in vain for all it could impart:
Were greetings sent to sooth the warrior's lot—
The mail was plundered—the courier was shot.
These were war's minor *curses*—I would fain
Its *blessings* tell—for these I search in vain

Its long and gloomy annals, where appears
A wreck of glory on a sea of tears!

At length stern war relaxed his brow, and smiled
O'er peace, as doth a murderer o'er a child
Which he hath slaughtered.—Now the time drew near,
When FRANCIS hoped to view the scenes most dear—
Scenes, where his earlier moments happy sped,
When youth by hope in flowery paths was led;
He longed for home as doth a bird, whose rest
Returns no more while absent from its nest:
He soon might leave the crimsoned fields of SPAIN,
And seek his long-loved native vale again.

The morn arose—the welcome morn, whose light
To HERBERT's gladdened eyes was more than bright—
The happy morn, in which he hoped to call
ELLEN his own—her changeless heart his all
Of earthly gladness!—Time himself seemed dead
That morn to him, till gentle LUCY led
The promised bride, whose blush was like the rose,
That fair and freshly in the morning blows,

With a bright dew-drop on its cheek, just one
Not yet kissed off by the approaching sun!
Fair was the timid bride, and passing fair
Her friend and bride-maid, LUCY, to whose care
Fell that endearing office of the heart
To witness ties which nought but death might part.
Gay was the village in that hour, and gay
The fragrant blossoms of inspiring May.
The happy mother smiled, of ELLEN vain,
Her father vowed his heart felt young again,
And sixty chequered years that marked his brow
Revealed but little of their winter now,
They seemed to bring him, in their mild controul,
One lasting midsummer to cheer his soul!
The stream seemed merrier by his mill to flow,
The circling wheels with readier gear to go,
While youths and maidens, a delighted throng,
Strewed flowers, as passed the nuptial group along
The winding path, that 'neath the lime-trees lay,
Smooth, soft, and glittering in the dancing ray,
To where the modest village church was seen,
Amid the shading foliage, brightly green.

A lonely traveller on the church-way stile
Was seen to linger, and to muse awhile—
He gazed around on every object near,
As though he knew them all, and all were dear—
There dwelt a pensive sorrow on his face,
Which, through that shade, still beamed with manly grace;
Way-worn he rested—soon that beauteous spot
Dispelled his languor—now he felt it not;
The breath of nature o'er his faint heart came,
Like a kind breeze that fans a sinking flame—
Each tree, each shrub, each daisy as it grew
On the green-sward, from feeling's fountain drew
Soft tears of joy, that from his dark eyes fell,
While to his soul clung that enchanting spell,
The witching memory of departed years,
When FRANCIS felt no sorrows, shed no tears!
And he, the wanderer, now beheld again
Scenes loved in absence, danger, joy, and pain—
White glittering through the trees once more he saw
His father's homestead:—he could scarcely draw
His fluttering breath, as busy fancy wove
Around that hallowed spot new charms of love.

Amid the bowers, where we in childhood played,
In calm and storm, in sunshine and in shade,
Live joys undying—and time's dusky wings,
That shade the memory of most fleeting things,
Seem, as they onward sweep, to scatter rays
Of livelier lustre o'er our earliest days,
And lengthening years but leave a clearer track
For thought, sweet pilgrim, to go sighing back!

On FRANCIS moved, for he could muse no more—
He passed the gothic porch, the chancel door
Stood wide—he heard a solemn voice—his eye
Beheld the Priest before the altar nigh;
He slowly entered—started in dismay,
Like one who sees a serpent in his way—
He saw his brother HERBERT kneeling there,
And LUCY by his side!—at once despair
Gloomed o'er his soul!—he dared not, could not speak—
He saw no more, nor could he strive to seek
The welcome truth, that might have soothed his blood,
That now ran boiling like a lava flood
Through his hot veins, while in his giddy brain
A fire was burning:—like a victim slain

By the red thunder-bolt, when tempests swell,
So FRANCIS reeled, and on the pavement fell!
He fell near LUCY's feet:—she heard the sound,
And, starting from the stone, in grief profound,
Beheld the face, which in her dreams oft seen,
Her star of night, her hope through day had been!
Then blanched her beauteous cheek—a faintness came
O'er her deep-heaving heart—her trembling frame
Gave way, and, swooning, fell, with fear oppressed,
Cold as a snow-wreath on his heedless breast!

Silent and pale, unconscious lay the pair,
Still as the dead beneath them sleeping there!
Had one lone grave contained them till the death
Of fading time—had not their vital breath
Again returned, a world of woe and grief,
Of shuddering dread, and yet of fond belief,
Despair, delusion, and that rooted woe,
Which throws dark shadows over all below,
Feelings, too strange, too subtile to define,
And madness, FRANCIS! these had ne'er been thine!

Lucy had wept, and watched, and prayed in vain
Beside the couch where Francis long had lain—
A frenzy o'er his wandering senses stole,
While strange mysterious phantoms of the soul
Depressed his waking hours, and, in his sleep,
Through his distempered brain would thickly creep
The frightful reptiles from black horror's den,
Whence madness mocks the stricken minds of men;
Oft were his eyes on Lucy fixed—his look
Had much of tenderness, and no rebuke—
While his lips trembled with the mental strife,
"I must not love thee *now*—my Brother's Wife!"

And when at last, the sufferer's strength returned,
The sleepless fever in his brain still burned:—
One morn, when Herbert through the lonely night
Had watched his slumbers, with the early light
He rose, and wandered in the blooming fields;
Then beamed the season, when the spring-tide yields,
Sweet wreaths of fragrant flowers:—at distance seen,
Observed by Herbert, o'er the meadows green
He strayed awhile, until he reached the nook
Where he from Lucy parted, and forsook

His home to join the battle strife:—the scene
Around him spread its soft and quiet mien,
Beauty in silence, nature's mute appeal
To happy hearts, and to the hearts that feel
Impressive sorrow, and yet turn to her,
As to the sun the Paynim worshipper:
And FRANCIS felt her loveliness—the hour
In which he last beheld that scene—the power
Of passion o'er his soul retouched the strings
Of memory's harp, whose music often brings
Back to the bosom feelings of past years,
And opes the long-sealed fountain of our tears.
And FRANCIS wept—few were the drops that fell;
Sudden he heard the voice of LUCY swell
From the green copse—the very voice and tone,
Which on that well-known spot he heard alone,
When last he viewed the scene, and parted there
From all he loved—the young, the good, the fair.
Now, as he listened to that voice once more,
His mind awakened, and a light flashed o'er
Its wilderness, as LUCY's tender song
Recalled emotions that had slumbered long.

Why left the brave his blooming plains
To seek a foreign shore ?
The blighted flower of youth remains,
Its blossoms are no more !

Had he not wandered from his home,
And grief's dark tempest known ?
Oh ! brighter then had been his doom,
And brighter still mine own !

One solace to my heart is left,
Nor other hope I crave ;
The bolt by which his peace was reft,
Will strike me to the grave.

He heard that voice—its tone came o'er his soul
Like moonlight o'er the billows, when they roll
In stormy tumult, till the clouds pass by,
And the calm light beams softly from the sky.
He heard that voice—and, springing in the shade,
Stood, in a moment, near the trembling maid,

Who drooped her head on ELLEN, by her side,
Pale on the neck of HERBERT's lovely bride;
Then FRANCIS gazed upon the gentle pair,
Took LUCY's hand with melancholy care,
Like one who fears his least intrusive touch
Might mean too little, or might claim too much.

"Mock me not, LUCY! in my wandering mind
Strange thoughts have brooded, fearful in their kind;
I dare not name the phantasies, the dreams,
The mental whirlwind, and the scorching gleams
Of lightning that have blasted me!—a light
Breaks partial o'er my sense, though still the night
Is dim around me!—HERBERT told me all
The truth, long hidden!—I can scarce recall
Distracting doubts, and moody fears, that drew
My mind astray, till fallacy seemed true.
I only know that thus to gaze on thee
Is rapture, LUCY!—bliss, how new to me!
Joy long departed!—Oh! thou should'st have known
That thou wast dearer to me than mine own

Once happy life!—And now, by thee to linger
Is the new morn of being:—Ha! thy finger
Wears not the bridal ring!—then I have breathed
A dreamer—and a madman!—I have wreathed
The deadly night-shade round my heart and brain!
Thus self-deluded, tortured, I remain
Like a seared stalk upon a wintry shore,
On which the fragrant hand of spring no more
May hang one blossom!—Lucy!—dearest!—still
That smile of gentleness allays the ill
That weighs upon my spirit.—Thus bereft,
O! were my blighted passions, feelings, left
Worthy thy goodness, I would gladly rest
For ever near thee, hoping, loving, blest!"

The maiden raised her drooping head—her cheek
Flushed, and then paled, as now she strove to speak:
"Francis! 't were heartless folly to conceal
All I have felt for thee, and all I feel;
The past is nothing, since I live to hear
Words from thy lips, to be for ever dear:
Oh! had I heard them ere affliction's gust
Had strewn hope's sweetest blossoms in the dust!

But now—though one in life and love the same,
The seeds of death are scattered through my frame;
I feel the wasting canker in my heart
That can with death, and death alone depart!
Could I have lived—and lived with thee!—but this,
Denied below, I hope for purer bliss
In a far brighter world—to meet again!
Support me to my home—a torpid pain
Swims o'er my sense—I have not long to stay—
And, I would die while yet the flush of May
Garlands the fields, and have its flowers above me
Strewn by the hands of those who loved, and love me.
Yes, I would pass from every earthly strife,
While all around is freshening into life,
That, dying, I may deem the chill of death
A winter only to congeal my breath,
Till spring awaken every bud that sleeps,
And, yielding nature, from her lowest deeps,
Give back to life the blighted of the past,
And one eternal summer smile at last!
Perhaps, dear FRANCIS! when we die, the thought
Of the freed spirit, may be kindly wrought

Into some subtle energy, to know,
Watch o'er, and pray for those it loved below—
If this be given, from some fair star of light
I yet may watch thee with immortal sight,
Till I behold thy spirit soar, to dwell
Where meet the happy, where no long farewell
Falls from the lips, as doth a blight, to perish
The fondest hope we love on earth to cherish!"

She ceased—and FRANCIS saw upon her cheek
Consumption's banner spread—a hectic streak
Marked its pale surface, like a tint that lies
On a cold cloud, before the twilight dies!
He saw, and silent stood, as one bereft
Of sense and motion—for, to him seemed left
That dark, lone waste, from which his soul begun
To see a light, precursor of a sun
To rise unclouded.—He was stricken now,
Like a scathed oak that had but one green bough
Left, for the lightning's ready flash to blast,
And that one severed by its bolt at last!

He saw her fade, as slowly day by day
Death stole some lingering bloom of life away;
Still, as she drooped, and paler grew, a light
Beamed from her eye more tender, yet more bright,
As FRANCIS, ever anxious, by her side
Watched, while he mourned to see life's wasting tide
Untimely ebbing to that boundless sea,
Whose breadth is space—whose length eternity!

And soon, too soon! beside her couch he knelt
When LUCY died:—Oh! then the mourner felt
In the wide hopeless world alone—alone!
A change came o'er his heart, as though to stone
Its very core were turned—he saw her lie
Cold in her shroud, with glazed and tearless eye;
He saw the sweet flowers fading in her hand,
And o'er her coffin tearless still would stand,
But, when the dark and melancholy lid
Her form for ever from his vision hid,
When slow they bore her from the sable bier,
And "*Dust to dust*" struck on his thrilling ear,

While the dull mould upon her coffin fell,
The warning of decay, of hope the knell,
Oh! then he wept o'er the unconscious dead
The last sad tears that he was seen to shed.

What is the human mind?—we see its power,
Know, feel, and use it in each passing hour,
But, can we tell its essence?—can we say
To-morrow's course will find it as to-day,
The same in reason, feeling, truth, belief,
With less of gladness, or with less of grief?
Can all the wisdom of great men of old,
All wit achieved, or genius could unfold,
Can sage philosophy, which long has wrought
Through lapsing ages in the mines of thought,
Can each, or any with their spells reveal,
How man's free mind can act, or think, or feel?
Or bare the secret springs by which the will
Is forced in tumult, or in peace lies still?
Or tell why reason on her throne prevails
With one triumphant, with another fails,
E'en when the self-same causes are combined
To shed unequal influence on the mind?

While, 'mid the tempest's wrath, one only shakes,
Another sinks when scarce a gale awakes!
Yet, through life's dim, mysterious veil, appear
Directing light, to animate, to cheer,
Enough to draw our eyes on Heaven, to see
Man's weakness lost in God's immensity!

The mourner left his home:—one wintry morn
His father missed him—hearts were then forlorn
That long had loved him;—now his mother's age
Had less of light to cheer its pilgrimage;
His brother HERBERT, he, whose path had borne
A thousand flowers to one afflicting thorn,
Felt the sharp blast of grief thus made more keen
To him, who rarely in its track had been;
He sought, and long he sought, and fruitless still,
To trace the wanderer:—the lonely hill,
The tangled dell, the city, and the plain
By HERBERT searched, were only searched in vain.
FRANCIS was gone—for ever gone!—his worth
Remained, like fragrance from a flower of earth
Crushed by a passing footstep.—Still, his name
Oft dwelt on lips that loved to breathe his fame—

Friends who had known him longest, earliest, best,
With lofty mind, and loftier virtues blest,
Now mourned him lost, and bitter tears were shed,
Sad as the hopeless drops wept o'er the honoured dead!

---

The sun was sinking on his westward way,
While gorgeous hues illumed the close of day;
Bright beams fell softly, glittering on the tall
Dark forest pines, and on that Waterfall
Which stuns the world with wonder, as it leaps
From NIAGARA'S rock to whirling deeps,
That rage infuriate, while the deafening roar
Eternal sweeps along ONTARIO'S shore.
While the rocks tremble, and the woods around
Shake, as they moaning echo back the sound:
Where oft, at midnight, on his lonely prowl,
The wolf sends forth his melancholy howl,
As though his fierce, yet feeble voice, could mock
The thunder of the waters, and the shock,
Which, when it first strikes man's astonished ear,
Stuns with its power, and bows his heart with fear!

The sun had set—and, at the Hostel gate
The Master stood, his heart with hope elate,
That yet another, and another guest
Might reach his Inn before the hour of rest;
And, as he looked upon the wooded hill,
He saw a man's dark figure, mutely still,
Stand gazing on the FALLS, and, when his eye
Was glazed with wonder at their majesty,
When he had looked till he could look no more,
Awed by the grandeur, startled by the roar,
He raised his sight to Heaven:—how soon it sought
The earth abashed—he felt himself as nought!
He gained the Hostel where O'KELLEY stood,
Who smiling, bowed, and spoke in pleasant mood;
"Welcome to NIAGARA!"—but no sound
Escaped the Stranger's lips—in thought profound
He fixed, once more, upon the falling flood,
His rapt, astonished sight:—the truant blood
Fled from his lips, as with a contrite sigh
He whispered—"Here will FRANCIS ABBOTT die!"

The host beheld the stranger's pallid brow,
His dark, bright eye, that wandered wildly now,

His streaming hair that o'er his shoulders fell,
His pale, sad cheek, that looked a chronicle
Of blasted hopes, of feelings scathed, of pain,
That wrings the heart, and fires the tortured brain.
He sought his couch, but, on his lids the dew
Of sleep fell not—before his mental view
Still flushed the mighty Cataract, though night
Hid the wild thundering waters from his sight:
He felt that, having once beheld them sweep
In solemn grandeur from their awful steep,
The scene would form a portion of his thought,
Its power, its majesty, its glory wrought
Deep in his brain, and in his beating heart,
From which that picture could no more depart!
And, in that restless flood he well might see
A troubled emblem of his destiny—
Calm at its source, and flowing onward still,
By many a placid vale, and flowery hill,
Till, hurried, swoln, it can no longer glide,
But rushes fast, with rocks on either side,
And, with a troubled grandeur on its breast,
Sweeps to the gulph where never more is rest!

Remote from man, upon the IRIS-ISLE,
Where, through the sombre pines, the glimmering smile
Of day, fell faintly, the RECLUSE had reared
His lonely hut—where, through the trees, appeared
The roaring Waterfall, whose thunder fell
On his quick ear like music, while the swell
Of that eternal, wildly-rushing flood
Stirred a congenial spirit in his blood!
Oft in the moonlight, o'er the waters dim,
Would FRANCIS stand—their awful plunge in him
Awoke a kindred tumult:—o'er their shock
He frequent leaned from the *Terapin* rock,
Poised on his foot above the gulph beneath,
One slippery step between himself and death!
While on the coldly-moaning midnight air
Would float the locks of his long raven hair,
And then a strange light in his wandering eye,
Too wild for earth, too restless for the sky,
Told of the ruin passion's storm had brought,
The serpent in the Eden of his thought!
Oft on the frail and narrow plank that lay
Far o'er the Cataract, amid the spray

That rose from the vast deep, would FRANCIS stand,
And then, slight holding by his nervous hand,
Hang o'er the fearful gulph!—while at the sight
The distant boatman, starting with affright,
Would shuddering turn, and, ere his fear was gone,
Sigh from his soul—"God help thee, lonely one!"

Thus lived the sad RECLUSE, and rarely saw
His fellow-man, though he would sometimes draw
Forth from his bosom feelings, that will rise
In all whose hearts o'erflow with sympathies
That melt and mix with other souls, and share
Their summer joyousness, their wintry care;
Feelings he long had known, so richly deep,
The marvel was that these could ever sleep,
E'en for a moment: but, he more and more
Shunned the o'er-busy world—the ceaseless roar
Of the wild waters, and the lonely wood,
And his own thoughts seemed now his only good.
Yet, when the years gone by came o'er his mind,
Like the soft whisperings of a gentle wind,
That breathes upon the morning's opening way,
Though not so stormless ends the gathering day—

When dwelt his thoughts on joys and sorrows past,
His father, mother, brother, and that last
More tender tie, that bound him like a spell
To earth, till LUCY died:—his heart would swell,
And beat with anguish in his struggling breast,
While burned his brain with thoughts too dark for rest,
Till prayer, and better thoughts, his angels, came,
And resignation cooled his mental flame:
Then, to subdue the doubting mind, o'er wrought,
And find oblivion for his saddest thought,
He held communion with that dearest friend,
Whose love could never know nor change, nor end,
His gentle brother! who had been to him
A cheering light, if life were fair or dim,
And oft to HERBERT he would thus impart
His free, confiding journal of the heart.

## LETTER I.

TO HERBERT.

Forgive me, Brother! that I left my home,
Lonely and sad, o'er trackless seas to roam:—
Could I have spared my mother's heart one grief,
My father's breast and thine one pang, my brief
And wasted life I would have gladly lain
Low in the grave, that refuge from all pain:
But, in my mind arose a power that sped
My restless steps to banishment, and led
My spirit onwards, till I paused at last,
Where, in her greatness nature's hand has cast
Her matchless wonders, where the awful throws
A stern grace o'er the beautiful, and grows
A portion of my vision, till I see
The form, and hear the voice of Deity!

Here rolls the mighty CATARACT:—but, more
Of this when passion's stormy gust be o'er,

If *that* can ever for a moment cease:—
While sweeps the whirlwind, can we hope for peace?
Home of my childhood! and, yet dearer thou,
Who taught my infant knees in prayer to bow,
My gentle mother!—weep not for thy son,
The wayward, restless, lone, self-exiled one!
My mind is troubled—yet, how oft it dwells
On thy past care, and patient love, the spells
Which closed around my heart, and ever keep
Emotions there, which but in death can sleep—
To thee I owe what I can ne'er repay,
Though both on earth a thousand years might stay!—
Thou in my heart did'st sow the early seeds,
Which, now, though checked and overgrown with weeds,
Will still put forth a blade of green, that shows
All is not blighted where a mother sows!
Oh! I have caused thee grief!—I know thine eye
Has wept the burning tears of agony,
Which, had they fallen o'er my grave, had left
Thy heart less stricken, and not more bereft!

Home of my childhood!—like a star that gleams
Through gloomy clouds of lowering night it seems!

Darkness is o'er me—but, to memory dear,
The constellations of my heart appear!
My Father! Friend! Protector! I forsook
Thy tender care, and wandered as a brook
Bursts from the peaceful lake, and leaves the source
That gave it birth, and, in its wilful course
Goes murmuring on, obstructions ever near,
Its way more ruffled, and its stream less clear.
Time was, my father! jocund on thy knee,
I listened to thy tales of chivalry,
Of belted knight, and palmer with his staff,
Minstrel and page, that made me weep and laugh;—
Oft in our fields, while sauntering by thy side,
Thy voice my music, and thy words my guide,
Thou read'st to me from nature's book, her page
So kindly opened, that it might engage
My young affections, that, when manhood came,
My heart unchanged, might worship her the same.
It came—and still I loved her soothing grace,
Long saw a constant sunshine on her face;
It soon was dimmed, and I must surely pay
The bitter penalty, and, far away,

From parents, brother, home, and LUCY'S grave,
Drag on awhile the chain of time, a slave,
Though, as a bird amid the forest, free
My passing out, my coming in may be!

Dear LUCY'S grave! and, have I named the spot
Where she has rest, and FRANCIS finds it not!
HERBERT! I can no more—No!—Now stern thought
Deep in my soul her adder-sting has wrought!
Beauty departed!—virtue dead!—love sleeping
Dark in the dust!—Oh! that mine eyes with weeping
Would quench their light, and death at once would close
Their burning orbs in one long, deep repose!

More would I tell, my brother, but, I stay
Till the dark dream that haunts me pass away—
The chord is touched, and, like the harp, whose tone
Sighs to the melancholy wind alone,
My soul vibrates to every trembling breath
Of feeling, mournful as the wail of death!
No more, dear HERBERT; let thy thought oft dwell
On him who bids thee lovingly farewell!

## LETTER II.

### THE CATARACT.

The river rolls on in its ceaseless might,
Unchanged by the changes of day and night,
It comes like a spirit, whose voice, when heard,
Thrills for ever the bosom it once has stirred:—
It steals from the lake, and it creeps awhile,
In its noiseless course with a placid smile,
It flows by the forest, it runs by the hill,
Like a creature that moves by the impulse of will,
Till at length it breaks forth in a murmuring sound,
And starts, like a steed that flies off in a bound;
It leaps o'er the rocks that rise up in its way,
And exults in the strength that but laughs at delay,
Till it springs from the height whence it falls, to be
The theme of a world to eternity!

I have leaned o'er the roaring, fearful brink,
Where the gaunt wild-beast never dared to drink—

I have poised on my heel on the trembling spar
That hangs over the boiling waters far;
I have swung by my hands o'er the deep abyss,
While the whirling blast, like the maddening hiss
Of a thousand serpents, mixed with the roar
Of the flood, till I heard and saw no more,
Till the strength had fled from each quivering limb,
When my heart grew faint, and my senses dim:—
I have stood on the rough *Terapin* rock
And heard the thundering waters shock,
While the cold and shuddering earth around,
Trembled to hear the ceaseless sound,
That rose from the rolling deep, and spoke
In the voice of God, till the hills awoke,
And the forest shade, and the lonely dell,
Flung back the reply from echo's shell,
And I listened, and gazed, till I felt that all
Earth's glory was seen in the Waterfall!

I have seen the bear of the wild-wood swim,
Where vain was the strength of his iron limb,
I have seen him caught by the roaring eddy,
When he fancied his course was safe and steady—

I heard his growl when he found the wave
Was dashing him on to a fathomless grave,
And I saw the last desperate struggle he made,
As he swept o'er the edge of the rushing cascade,
When his dying wail was heard no more,
Drowned in the din of the torrent's roar,
As it flung him down, in its gushing might,
To the gulph of everlasting night.

Thou Lord of universal being!
In all things seen, thyself all-seeing:
We trace thy hand in the gems on high,
As they roll, or rest, in the trackless sky;
We see thy might in the lightning's flash,
In the stormy billow's awful dash;
We hear thy voice in the wind that sings
To the rosy morn, when she opes her wings,
And flies abroad in sun-beams clad,
While the valleys laugh, and the hills are glad.
But *here*, where the falling waters roar,
We trace thy great hand more and more—
Where the gushing flood obeys thy will,
We behold thy might more wond'rous still,

Where the strength of NIAGARA leaps,
The voice of thy greatness never sleeps:
How the bosom heaves, and the full heart swells,
As that voice of thine endless glory tells,
While the shuddering earth, and the echoing sky,
Proclaim thee, LORD of all Being! nigh!

HERBERT! my only brother!—thou!
In vain I long for thy converse now!—
Thou sitt'st at home by thine own fireside,
With thy laughing boy, and thy smiling bride;
Thou sitt'st by the sweet domestic hearth,
Where dawned the light of my childish mirth,
Till that was dimmed by the fruitless tears
That fell in the storms of after years!
I look on the river rolling past,
And I deem I have found my home at last,
Where the lone and the measureless woods resound
In their pathless depths, to the CATARACT'S sound—
While the fretting flood, and its ceaseless din,
Stun the voice of the fiends that I bear within,
That would tempt me to plunge from the torrent-steep,
When I think of my love's untimely sleep,

And the morbid folly that led astray
My mind, as a child that had lost its way!

Departed Lucy!—Dearest Brother!
The thought is despair!—and *now* another
Fraught with the woe which this can bring,
Were as a death-blast, withering
The lonely flower of hope that grows
On my barren heart, like a sickly rose,
That hangs in the cleft of a rifted rock,
Shattered, and bowed by the lightning's shock!—
Farewell! my Brother!—the dews of the night,
Fall around my head—and the stars, once bright,
Glide away from the sky, as darkness flings
O'er the shrinking earth her gloomy wings:
I will lay me beneath the forest-tree—
O Heav'n! may I dream of thine and thee!

## LETTER III.

### THE DREAM.

I lay beneath the forest-pine, and slept,
Hot were mine eye-lids—I have seldom wept
Since last we parted, HERBERT! time can bring
My grief no solace, my despair no sting.
I had a dream, dear brother, in the night,
When all was still—and when the moon's pale light
Looked through the pine-tree boughs upon my slumber—
When flitting thoughts, and fancies, without number
O'er my racked brain were crowding thick and fast,
Each wildered thought more torturing than the last!

I dreamt that near my father's home I stood,
So true it seemed, that, in our upland wood,
I heard the stock-dove wail, I smelt the flowers
Which, long ago, I cultured in our bowers:
I heard my mother's voice, I saw her tear
Of joy, that sprang, because her son was near,

The lost-one found!—I felt thy welcome hand,
Dear HERBERT, greet me to my native land—
I lived a boy with thee again, and played
Our old loved games beneath the beechen shade;
And vanished scenes, that blessed my cloudless youth
Burst on my sense with all the force of truth,
Till heavier hours spread forth their wings of gloom,
And dark thoughts hovered o'er my LUCY's tomb!
Now my strange dream was torture, that still burns
Within my brain, when lonely night returns:—
Methought I stood by LUCY's grave:—the moon
In sickly sorrow o'er the church-yard shone
Through the white mist, that like a shroud was spread
O'er the deep solemn slumber of the dead.
I saw within the dim church-porch a spade
The sexton's hand had left within its shade;—
A strange and sudden thought flashed on my brain—
Might I not see my LUCY's face again?—
Should the cold dreary earth for ever keep
The form I loved in its decaying sleep?
I grasped the spade, and, with the strength of one
Whose purpose fails not till his task be done,

The grass-green turf from LUCY's grave I threw;
E'en now I start as though that dream were true!—
Deep in the grave I dug, and deeper still,
Then o'er my heart crept horror's icy thrill,
While, through the crumbling mould, no longer hid,
I struck the spade upon her coffin lid:
Mournful and hollow came the sound, my breath
At once seemed stopped by the chill hand of death;
I gasped in agony—cold drops fell fast
From my faint clammy brow—a moment past,
Again my arm pursued its task; I cleared
The loosened earth, when, to my sight appeared
The dimmed inscription—"LUCY GRAHAM—DIED"—
I paused in anguish—sudden opened wide
The creaking lid—when slowly, cold, and pale
Uprose the shuddering corse—death's pallid veil
Fell from its face, while, in her living charms,
I snatched the lost one to my trembling arms.
I felt an awful transport in my heart,
And fondly deemed we never more should part,
When from my wild embrace the fleshless bones
Dropped in the yawning grave!—and hollow groans

Burst from the tombs, as though the dead expressed
Shame for my desecration of their rest!
I fled in terror, while a hideous yell
Rang in mine ear, as though the lowest hell
Had sent its blackest fiend to hunt me thence,
A spoiler of the grave!—A fear intense,
Awful, and deep, and shuddering, siezed my brain—
One moment more of that distracting pain
Had killed—not maddened me!—from that strange dream
Convulsed I started, and my frenzied scream
Rang through the forest, while the wild-beast there
Heard it, and sprang in terror from his lair!

HERBERT! the dream is past!—but, in my thought
It lives accurst—is there so deeply wrought,
That, were I spared a thousand years, its power
Would haunt my soul through every mournful hour!
I hold *one* hope, dear brother!—throned on high
Dwells endless Mercy—this will let me die,
And sleep, as LUCY sleeps, in hallowed rest:—
Farewell!—my hour draws near—'tis wisest, best
To wait the time that God ordains—yet now
Burns the destroying fever in my brow,

And death were welcome!—all will soon be past—
I would not this, which scarce *is* life, should last,
Yet, while it lasts, dear HERBERT! it will be
A life of prayer, and hope, and love for thee!

## LETTER IV.

### A FRAGMENT.

The dream is past!—and still I drag the chain
Of life alone!—while all its links remain
Cankered with fretting rust!—how frail!—how weak!—
A few more moments, HERBERT!—and 'twill break!

The sun is up, the breeze comes sporting light,
The heaven is cloudless, all the world is bright,
The bee sings cheerily, the birds soar high,
The forest glows beneath the blushing sky—
All wake to mirth but me!—I pass away
From earth too slowly—why this long delay?
The summer-rose is dead—the leaves have died,
The ripened corn has fallen in its pride,

The grass is withered 'neath cold autumn's breath,
And many a flower is gone!—Ungracious Death!
Why strik'st thou not at me!—a poor wretch!—blighted!
With heart all crushed—mind wandering—lost—benighted!
I saw a happy bird this morn lie dead,
Close by my path—then wherefore is my head
Above the dust, while all my joys are gone,
With God's worst curse upon me—"*Be Alone!*"

God of all wisdom!—let me not arraign
Thy dispensations!—man's best hopes are vain,
If fixed on aught but thy unerring power,
That rules his gladsome, and his sorrowing hour!
Yes!—yes!—'tis well!—dear HERBERT! I must bear
All my lone destiny!—life's load of care
Will soon fall off!—and, could I linger long,
Turn to the world, and join again its throng,
I would abjure—contemn it!—I have seen
The single-hearted crushed to earth—the mean
And cringing spirit with the wreath of fame
Around his brow, a mockery of his name!
The good aspersed, the hypocrite caressed,
The rich rewarded, and the poor oppressed,

The heartless fostered, the most abject praised,
The modest trampled on, the bully raised
E'en by the hand he cringed to, yet despised!
Ah!—were the world's huge heart anatomized!—
Its thoughts dissected, and its hidden springs
Laid bare, with all its strange imaginings!
To *see* that heart with plague-spots overgrown,
Would it not break the bold dissector's own?

The world!—'tis naught!—nay, worse than naught to me!
Swift from mine eyes its shadowy vapours flee—
Go!—let it fret!—the slumber of the grave
Is all I sigh for—hope for—long for—crave!
Yet, HERBERT!—there *is* virtue in mankind!
Yes! I have seen—known—loved it!—but, my mind
Dwells on the darkest points—itself is dark!
Its fever comes again!—There, brother!—hark!
I heard a voice!—it sighed upon the breeze,
And whispered, like a spirit, 'mid the trees—
It was a voice I knew—a gentle one—
Did LUCY speak?—No! No!—that voice is gone!

Again it calls!—or I am grown more mad!
I heard it!—Sweetly soft, and calmly sad,
It came upon mine ear!—'twere sin to stay!
My brain is seething in sharp flames!—away!
Away!—my throat is parched—my hot lips burn!
My dry tongue blisters!—whither shall I turn?
Water!—I feel the suffocating heat
Rise from my heart;—and, in my temples beat
The death-notes audibly!—away!—the flood
Hath sometimes cooled the fever of my blood,
And I will seek once more its rushing wave,
The health-restoring Jordan! or—a grave!
The quenchless fire consumes me!—haste, for life!
The river!—haste!—O, HERBERT!—nature's strife
Is passed!—dear brother! cherish while on earth
My hopeless memory, and poor LUCY's worth!—
Lost!—lost!—for ever!—no!—farewell!—farewell!
God!—in thy mercy, save me! * * *

He rushed to NIAGARA's flood!—awhile
Seemed from his brain the Demon to recoil,
As with the cooling stream his brow he laved,
Till weakness came, and all that could have saved
Sank in a trembling faintness, and each limb
Convulsive shook, his weary sight grew dim,
As o'er his changing brow, and quivering eye,
Death drew his icy hand!—The stream gushed by,
And whirled him in its waters, till it swept
A mournful corse!—And FRANCIS ABBOTT slept
The dreamless sleep on Death's oblivious shore,
To wait God's Angel-shout—"AWAKE! TO SLEEP NO MORE!"

# NOTE.

On the 18th of June, 1829, the anniversary of the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo, a tall and handsome young man, habited in a long sad-coloured cloak or gown, passed through the village at Niagara. Under his left arm he bore a roll of blankets, as if for bivouacking, a portfolio, a flute, and a large book; in his right hand was a cane. In passing the Eagle Hotel he attracted the gaze of the visitors by his eccentric appearance; but regardless of the idle and gay crowd, he passed on, and sought out the unpretending inn of Mr. O'Kelley. There he immediately entered into stipulations with the host for the entire use of a room, where he could eat and sleep alone, and that certain parts of his cooking should be done by Mr. O'Kelley. He then made the usual inquiries as to the localities about the Falls, and wished to know if there was a library or reading-room in the village. On being informed that there was, he repaired to it, deposited three dollars, took out a book, purchased a violin and some music-books, and informed the librarian that his name was Francis Abbott, and that he should remain a few days at the Falls. He then conversed on various subjects, and showed by his language that he was a man of cultivated mind.

Next day he returned to the library, and expatiated enthusiastically upon the beautiful scenery round the Falls, and upon that most sublime and magnificent spectacle the great cataract itself. "In all my wanderings," he said, "I have never met with anything in nature that equals it in sublimity, except perhaps Mount Etna during an eruption. I shall remain here at

least a week, for as well might a traveller in two days expect to examine in detail all the museums and sights of Paris, as to become acquainted with Niagara, and duly to appreciate it in the same space of time. You tell me that many visitors remain here only one day, and I am quite astonished that any one, who has a few days to spare, could think of only devoting one to this, perhaps the grandest of Nature's works."

In a few days he called again, and again spoke in raptures of the glorious scene. He said he had now determined on remaining a month, or perhaps six months, and wished to fix his abode on Goat or Iris Island, and was desirous of erecting a rustic hut, where he might abstract himself from all society, and lead a hermit's life of seclusion. But the proprietors of the island refused him the permission he sought, so he occupied a small room in the only house on the island—a log-hut of one story, and in front a vegetable garden, washed by the rapid above the American falls. The family with whom he lived furnished him occasionally with bread and milk; but he often dispensed with these, providing himself with other articles from a store, and performed his own cooking. He thus lived for twenty months, until the family removed; and then, to those few persons with whom he held communication, he expressed his great satisfaction at having it now in his power to live entirely alone. But after a time another family occupied the hut, whose manners he did not like; so he set about building for himself, and erected on the opposite bank a dwelling of plain exterior, which yet stands, about thirty roods from the American fall, and embowered in trees; here he lived for two months.

Many spots on Iris Island are consecrated to the memory of Francis Abbott. At the upper end of the island he had established his promenade; and in one place it was hard trodden, like the short walk of a sentry at his post. Between Iris and Moss Island there is, in shade and seclusion, a small but in-

teresting cascade; this was his favourite retreat for bathing. Here he resorted at all seasons of the year. In the coldest weather, even when there was snow on the ground and ice on the river, he continued to bathe in the Niagara.

At the lower extremity of the island is the bridge leading to the Terapin rocks, between which the troubled water roars and rushes immediately before it is precipitated over the ledge—

> "Towards the verge
> Sweeps the wide torrent; waves innumerable
> Meet here and madden; waves innumerable
> Urge on and overtake the waves before,
> And disappear in thunder and in foam."

From the end of the bridge there extended a single piece of timber, some twelve or fifteen feet over the cataract. On the bridge it was the daily practice of the hermit to walk, either when alone, or when there were visitors there, whom he often alarmed by his strange appearance, in his dark gown, hair streaming in the wind, and bare feet. With a quick step he would pass along the bridge, advance on the timber to the extreme point, turn quickly but steadily on his heel, and walk back, and continue thus to walk to and fro for hours together. Sometimes he would stand on one leg, and pirouette with the other round the end of the log; then he would go down on his knees, and gaze in seeming ecstasy on the bright green and snow-white water of the cataract. "But the worst of all, Sir," said the ferryman to me, "was when he would let himself down by the hands, and hang over the Fall. Lord! Sir, my flesh used to creep, and my hair stand on end, when I saw him do that." Truly, he must have had nerves of iron, thus to suspend himself over such a fearful abyss, the vapour rising in clouds round him, the appalling roar of the mighty waters stunning him, as the heavy sound rose from the bottom of the mighty cauldron, perhaps five hundred feet deep.

To the inquiry, why he would thus expose himself? he would reply, that in crossing the ocean he had frequently seen the sea-boy "on the high and giddy mast" perform far more perilous acts; and as he should probably again soon pass the sea himself, he wished to inure himself to such danger: if the nerves of others were disturbed, his were not. The ferryman said, that he suspected he wished to slip from the bridge some day by accident. At the midnight hour he was often found walking, alone and unfearing, in the most dangerous places near the Falls, and at such times he would shun approach, as if he had a dread of man.

He had a deep and abiding sense of his moral duties, was mild in his behaviour, and inoffensive in his conduct. Religion was a subject he well understood and highly appreciated:—"The charity he asked from others he extended to all mankind."

The ferryman informed me that, some weeks before I arrived at Niagara, he observed Francis Abbott bathe twice in one day, below the boat-landing; a third time he came down, and the ferryman remarked him holding his head under water for a considerable time, and thought to himself he should not like to be so situated. He turned his boat to convey a passenger across, and on looking again to the spot where he had last observed the hermit, he was no more to be seen—his clothes only lay on a rock. Search was immediately made for the body, but it was not discovered till ten days afterwards, many miles below the Falls, at Fort Niagara. When picked up, it was slightly bruised, doubtless in passing through a terrific whirlpool with drift timber in it, three miles below the great Falls. The corpse was removed to the burial-ground at Niagara, and decently interred.

Thus terminated the career of the unfortunate Francis Abbott, so little known to those among whom he spent his last two years, that only a few gleanings of his life can be given. He was an English officer, on half pay, and of a respectable family; his manners were excellent, and his mind highly cultivated.

While at the Falls, if business brought him in contact with any of the inhabitants, with a few of them he would sometimes be sociable, to all others distant and reserved. When he chose to converse, his subjects were always interesting, and his descriptions of people and countries were glowing and animated; but at most times he would hold no conversation with any one, communicating his wishes on a slate, and requesting that nothing might be said to him. Sometimes, for three or four months together, he would go unshaved, often with no covering on his head, his body enveloped in a blanket, shunning all, and seeking the deepest solitudes of Iris Island. He composed much, but destroyed his writings as fast almost as he produced them. When his cottage was examined, hopes were entertained that some manuscript or memorial might be found of his composition; but he had left nothing of the kind. His faithful dog guarded the door, and was with difficulty persuaded aside while it was opened. A simple cot stood in one corner, and his guitar, violin, flute, and music-books, were scattered about confusedly! a portfolio lay on a rude table, and many leaves of a large book; but not a word, not even his name, was written on any of them.

"What, it will be asked," said an intelligent American, "could have broken up and destroyed such a mind as seemed to have been that of Francis Abbott? What could have driven him from the society he was so well qualified to adorn; and what transform him, noble in person and intellect, into an isolated anchorite, avoiding the society of his fellows? The history of his misfortunes is unknown, and the cause of his unhappiness and seclusion is still a mystery."—*Alexander's Transatlantic Sketches*, vol. II, pp. 147—155.

# METROPOLITAN SKETCHES.

# METROPOLITAN SKETCHES.

## THE BLUE-COAT SCHOOL.

### I.

EDWARD THE SIXTH, whose theologic brains
Were often pondering o'er some learned sage,
Whose mind soon triumphed o'er the mental chains
That bound the crouching spirits of his age,
Here, as a good deed honest fame sustains,
Let us record, in this, our humble page,
That *he* was founder of the school, whose fame
Rolls on the tide of time, with EDWARD'S name.

II.

A "Blue-Coat Boy!"—who has not seen him glide
Along the street, his *trencher* in his hand,
His head erect, as though he would not hide
The dangling white slits of his muslin band,
He looks not down, but seems, in solemn pride,
To scorn his *understanding*—understand,
I mean his legs: he scarcely deigns to note
The yellow spindles 'neath his petticoat!

III.

Yet, lives there something in his conscious air
That claims due homage from the passers by,
To them he seems the only *living* heir
Left to the realm by old Antiquity,
His tunic and his girdle haply share
A gentle reverence glanced from every eye;
All show him courtesy, the smooth, the rough,
He moves a "*Blue-Coat Boy*"—and that's enough!

IV.

Small is his knowledge of man's crooked ways!
The solemn cloisters of the ancient pile
In which he lives, and moves, and thinks, and prays,
The old simplicity that marks his toil,
The long processions on his festive days,
His own seclusion from the world's sad guile,
These shed a grandeur on his mind and heart,
He lives one of his race, yet lives apart.

V.

Yet his unclouded spirit, oft in dreams
Visits the world, of which he only hears,
And longs to revel by the peopled streams,
E'en though they flow, nay, overflow with tears.
To him the world an unknown magnet seems,
That must attract him in his future years;
And what he *is* he knows not, what to *be*,
Is like that world, to him, a mystery.

VI.

Kind Reader! canst thou chalk me out a plan,
To place my Fifteenth Child at this same school?
Commend me to some City Alderman,
Whose milk of human kindness is not cool;
Or to some Lord, whose grasping mind can span
The world of charity, from pole to pole;
Or any other being in the nation,
To place my Boy upon this snug foundation.

VII.

I once was promised by a man of rank,
That he would aid my cause—'twas kindly spoken;
But, when I asked again, he told me, frank,
That promises and pie-crust might be broken!
Then sank my heart, then hope's most trusted bank
Sudden stopped payment;—but, it left a token
Of dear experience, with the proverb matched:
*Now* I ne'er count my chickens till they're hatched!

VIII.

I love to gaze upon this ancient pile,
I love to muse upon the patriot dead,
Whose wealth awakened charity's sweet smile,
And cast a sacred glory round her head,
That gives a quiet lustre to our isle;
For, like the sun, whose gladdening beams are shed
To raise and nourish, charity's pure ray
Throws a new radiance o'er life's passing day.

IX.

Hail! god-like CHARITY!—fair source, whence spring
The living waters that can soothe and heal
The fevered brain of poverty, and bring
Hope to the hopeless!—thy unbounded zeal
Flies o'er the universe on noiseless wing,
And, on thy modest eyes is set a seal,
That, while the world looks on thee but to bless,
Thou shouldst be blind to thine own loveliness!

## X.

Farewell, old BLUE-COAT SCHOOL!—and Blue-Coat Scholars
Of every age, and station, and degree!
May ye pass current through your lives, like dollars
By none rejected!—may your manhood be
Placed high on virtue's mount, above the hollows,
Where vice lies wallowing in her misery;
So shall ye rear a temple in the skies,
Not made with hands, nor seen with mortal eyes!

## THE STATUE AT CHARING-CROSS.*

### I.

Equestrian Charlie!—placid king in sable!
Thou sit'st as easy on thy saddle throne,
As though thy pawing quadruped were able
To leap o'er gates and hedges in the moon!
Thy steed will never tire, nor need a stable;
Yet, thou may'st ride him centuries alone,
And not advance—like many of mankind
Who ride their *hobbies*, and yet stay behind!

* The Statue of Charles the First, at Charing-Cross, was cast by *Le Suer*, a French artist. In the troubled time of Cromwell, the Statue was sold to one *Revet*, a brazier, upon condition that he should melt it, as the Parliament had ordained that it should be destroyed. Revet, however, who was "wise in his generation," amassed a fortune by this Statue: he buried it in the earth, and, having cast a variety of fancy articles in bronze, pretended they were made from it. These were eagerly bought by some who were desirous of having a memorial of their unfortunate Prince, and by others, from the baser motive of being able to triumph over fallen royalty. The Statue was replaced at the restoration of Charles the Second.

II.

Statue! thou once wast buried deep in earth!
And hadst thou quietly slumbered there for ages,
The wise dispute about thy saddle girth*
Had ne'er arose among our learned sages!
In sooth, it moves our wonder and our mirth,
To read grave History's important pages,
Wherein truth 'bides so deep, 'tis hard to spy
Whether her shadowy figures stand, or *lie!*

III.

Statue and steed! ye long have prisoned stood,
But now the space is cleared around the "Cross,"
Ye two may show a pleasant motto—"Good
Accommodation here for man and horse!"
Monarch! gaze round thee!—mortar, bricks, and wood
Have vanished—thou'rt a gainer by the loss!
The sportive breeze now plays upon thy cheek,
Oh! 'tis sad pity that thou canst not speak!

* The veracious story, and its consequences, resulting from the supposed omission of *Le Suer* in not placing a *girth* beneath poor Charles's saddle, is well known.

IV.

If thou *could* speak!—what tales thou mightst relate!
What scenes describe of glory and of ruin,
Secrets dropp'd near thee touching Church and State,
Amours that well might put to shame Don Juan!
High life, and low life, passing by thee late,
The midnight walk—the coach with only *two* in:
Hold! If I tell the *truth* we know 'tis *libel;*
Hundreds have sworn to this upon the Bible!

V.

Statue, farewell! but, ere I close my lay,
Can I not draw a moral, e'en from thee?
Alas! how many living men of clay
Have hearts as hard as thine of brass!—We see
The slave of wealth, the *Christian* of the day,
With reason's god-like power to make him free,
How oft we see him dealing in life's mart
With more of bronze than flesh upon his heart!

## VI.

Man is a varied being—a fair flower
Of heavenly fragrance—yet a noisome weed—
A towering oak of beauty and of power,
Braving life's tempest—yet a tender reed—
A gift to great creation, yet a dower
That often brings her shame!—in word and deed
Both weak and strong:—Oh! may his strength controul
The native weakness that betrays his soul!

## COVENT-GARDEN MARKET.

### I.

HAUNT of *Pomona!*—nook of fruits and flowers,
Where *Flora* in her fine "Town-House" reposes,
Famed COVENT GARDEN!—how unlike the bowers
That grace the rustic scene!—A few wild roses,
Breathing their fragrance in the vernal showers,
Just as the dewy eye of May uncloses,
Are well worth all thy dingy plants and shrubs
That live on smoke, and vegetate in tubs,

### II.

Or pots, or baskets, looking sad and sickly!
And yet, 'tis fair and wonderful to see,
At early dawn, the human swarms come thickly
Buzzing, like gnats upon a summer-lea,
And laden carts, with nature's bounty, quickly
Pouring her various treasures unto thee;
As though the generous earth had lavish grown,
And made at once her countless stores thine own!

III.

And oh! how pleasant, in the early spring,
When the first buds are born on flowers and trees,
To trace thy avenues—then pause, to bring
Our courage up, to ask the price of "Peas;"
And, while our tympanuns astonished ring
With "Half a Guinea for a Pint like these!"
We see the *Marchand* on our money pounce,
And hear "Ripe Strawberries!—a Crown an Ounce!"

IV.

Now I behold a lovely nymph in haste
Enter thy courts—she singles out a rose,
A small "Forget me Not," with beauty graced,
A "Lily" whiter than the mountain snows,
And blooming "Heart's Ease," all arranged with taste,
While bright her dark eye beams—her bosom glows,
By which a nice observer might discover
That she had bought—a nosegay for her lover!

V.

How small a token from the hand of love
Is prized beyond all hoarded wealth can buy!
The little boon is cherished far above
More splendid gifts that 'wake no sympathy;
The brief sweet fragrance of a flower may prove
A lasting good, although its perfumes die,
Yet, to the heart, the withering leaf and stem
Are dearer still than gold, or costly gem!

VI.

But, to return, and close my rambling theme,
I leave thee, "COVENT GARDEN!" as I found thee,
With plodding heads, that of large "profits" dream,
With toil and bustle, din and smoke around thee;
Yet, of all marts thou still must reign supreme,
Since, with no other dares the muse confound thee,
Thou great Emporium, where the earth dispenses
Her *utile et dulce* to our senses!

## WATERLOO BRIDGE.

### I.

Bridge of the Battle!—thou hast won a name
From Waterloo!—who gav'st thee thy cognomen?
Is *that* to bear thy structure down to fame,
Among admiring cits, and wondering yeomen?
Or wast thou reared to tell of good that came
From mortal strife?—or art thou but an omen
To warn us that the longest life of man,
In peace or war, is like thine arch?—a span!

### II.

I've often wondered that the Christian world
Should be so fond of fighting!—Oh! men talk
Of guns and swords, and banners wide unfurled,
Down from the cannon to the tomahawk,
And missile spear, by yelling Indian hurled;
Of these they speak with hearts as light as cork,
And he who loves not war is deemed a coward:
A fighting Marlborough ranks above a Howard!

III.

Now I behold the ponderous waggons rattle
O'er the wide bridge:—the heavy-laden carts,
The cheerful drivers, and the useful cattle
Bearing rich bales of commerce to their marts;
How different this from bloodshed, and from battle,
Shrieks, yells, and shouts, and groans from vanquished hearts!
Though commerce sometimes weds the heart to lucre,
It has not slain—like WELLINGTON and BLUCHER!

IV.

Think not I wish to censure modern men,
Who, having fought, because it was the fashion,
Were not *quite* like fierce lions in their den,
Though somewhat governed by the self-same passion;
I dare not trust my puny peaceful pen
To paint how gallant warriors cut and slash on,
When kings, to yield their people sport, ordain
That they should fight, to slay, and to be slain!

V.

And let them fight who *like* it!—for my part
I'd rather stand upon the bridge and view
The gently flowing THAMES, with cheerful heart,
Than see the carnage rife at WATERLOO.
But think not, gentle Reader, I would start
Away from foes, if they were brave and true;
Yet—to gaze here upon the placid water,
I much prefer to every kind of slaughter!

VI.

I leave thee, Bridge!—and, whether war or peace,
Sunshine or clouds, or storm, or calm prevail,
Thy strength and beauty will not early cease,
Nor the sweet murmuring stream beneath thee fail;
So, let thy fame diminish, or increase,
Still may the good old proverb's truth avail,
To cause each riding, and each walking rover,
To—*Praise the Bridge that carries him safe over!*

## VAUXHALL GARDENS.

### I.

VAUXHALL! VAUXHALL!—Oh! I can well remember
When nature from my face first cast "the boy,"
When life had all of May, and no December,
When my blood flowed one thrilling tide of joy,
And my heart glowed—a fire without an ember!
The bliss I courted was not *then* so coy—
Thy fairy scenes, in that delightful hour,
Bound my young spirit in a spell of power.

### II.

The bright lamps glittering through the verdant trees,
The sounds of music floating on the air,
The motley multitude that buzzed like bees,
The bashful maidens, oh, how passing fair!
'Twas here I first began to muse on these!
Though *now*, in sooth, I must not, if I dare—
Besides, *one* love is quite enough for me;
I would it were the same for all I see.

III.

Vauxhall! he never can forget thy rockets
Who once has seen them sputtering out their flame,
And others never will forget their pockets,
Picked of their cash, while gazing at the same
With eager eyes, near starting from their sockets!
The sly *light-fingered* rogues are much to blame
To undertake so rascally an action,
While they and all are lost in deep *abstraction!*

IV.

The merry dance along thy bowering shade,
The song, whose music warbled to the sky,
Thy mimic waterfall, that sparkling played
And spread a soft delusion o'er the eye,
Have charmed the soul, until the bright cascade
Leaped from the *very* rocks of *Tivoli!** 
We love delusion—old, young, great, and small,
Who have, or have not, seen thee, fair Vauxhall!

* The last time that the Author visited the "Gardens," there was exhibited a grand view of the cascade at *Tivoli.* The water fell over the rock naturally enough; and it was not a little

V.

We love to be deluded, when in youth
We dance along its path, bestrewed with flowers;
We love to be deluded, when the truth
Steals on the senses in our riper hours;
We love delusion in our age—in sooth,
We love to shun life's weeds, to pluck its flowers,
And he who culls them needs sagacious eyes,
The fragrance of the sweetest charms—and dies!

VI.

Life has its *gardens*, fair *Vauxhall!*—like thine,
They show us scenes that dazzle and delight,
While glittering lamps of pleasure round us shine,
Diffusing sweet enchantment on our sight,
And joy's soft music (melody divine!)
Plays on the heart:—and he who feels aright,
Will listen to its tones like one who knows
That time's broad sea will drown him as it flows!

amusing to hear a juvenile gazer exclaim, "Dear me! what a nice place to angle in!" Shade of old Isaac Walton! forgive his simplicity!

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY:

### SOMERSET HOUSE.

### I.

PAINTERS and Poets, 'tis averred, are brothers—
This may be true for aught that I can tell;
If so, one would imagine that their mothers
Had all drank deeply at the *Phocian* well;
Some have deemed Poets madmen—haply, others
Have thought that Painters ought with these to dwell
In the same bedlam, where their eyes may roll
In a "fine frenzy," flaming from the soul!

### II.

When spring comes laughing o'er our bonny land,
When blithe the thrush sings on the blossomed spray,
When the pied meadows and the breezes bland,
Proclaim aloud the merry month of May,
Haste from the fields, and, in the crowded "Strand,"
Seek the far-famed "ACADEMY."—Away!
Leave Nature's smiling scenes, and, as a foil,
Behold her *there* blush modestly in oil!

III.

How have I longed to see the "Exhibition,"
That pleasing, puzzling paradise of paint!
And, having bought my ticket, *sans* remission
I've sprung up stairs, despite of those who faint—
Sundry fair ladies, in a fair condition,
O'ercome by heat:—and, not without restraint,
Have I squeezed through the *posse*, like a weasel,
To view the magic wonders of the easel!

IV.

Well, having gained the first embellished room,
We there may gaze around with wondering eyes,
On fairy scenes, on beauty, and on bloom,
On light and shade, and all their mysteries,
Wrought from the world of radiance and of gloom,
Till, to find rest, the wandering vision tries
To fix upon some masterpiece of art,
From which the eye feels sorry to depart.

V.

Perchance it rests upon some scene by *Hilton*,
Or leans to *Landseer's* long-ear'd lively spaniel,
Or *Etty's* canvass with a touch of *Milton*,
Or huge dead elephant, as drawn by *Daniell.*
Oh! *Constable!*—thy paint looks as though *spilt* on
Thy rigid canvass, and rubbed down with flannel!
Thou *once* sweet painter of the winding Stour,
What made thee change thy style in evil hour?

VI.

And thou, great *Pickersgill!* a word with thee—
Why wilt thou draw the dandies of the age,
Whom 'tis not worth a lobster's claw to see?
Why dost thou not search History's stirring page,
Or roam the blooming fields of Poesy,
And let her scenes thy master-hand engage;
That hand woos nature—throws new beauties o'er her;
Witness thine own sweet, lovely, chaste *Medora!*

VII.

The *truth* is, *Pickersgill*, that thou must sleep,
And eat, and drink, and wear a decent coat;
Thou *must* paint *Portraits*, Sir, if thou wouldst keep
Thy soul and body on life's sea afloat;
So, ply thy graphic fingers, and soon reap
A golden harvest from rich folk of note!
Take off their heads to charm all nice beholders;
They seldom charm while on the wearer's shoulders!

VIII.

Our Painters are as numerous as the things
That crept, of old, into Noah's spacious ark!
Let critics point their tantalizing stings,
Or, cur-like, bite at some, at others bark;
For me, a *dauber* in the art which brings
Beauty and light, as 'twere, from chaos dark,
Shall have my sympathy, though one might blush
To see the wild vagaries of his brush!

IX.

Enchanting Art!—opposer of stern death!
Time's silent enemy!—the grave's deceiver!
Thou keep'st alive our friends, though fled their breath;
So true thy portrait, that the fond believer
Looks, till he fancies that the earth beneath
Restores the dead to thee, thou kind retriever!
Thy power reclaims the past of life, supplies
What absence steals, and what, without thee, dies!

X.

Thou call'st on beauty, and her countless forms,
Arise, to wait upon thy magic hand;
Beneath thy touch the glowing canvass warms,
And scenes come forth as though from fairy-land;
Or, more sublime, thou wak'st the fiend of storms,
And the red lightning glares at thy command,
While the deep passions of the human soul
Await thy beck, and move at thy controul!

XI.

'Tis thine to raise our laughter and our tears,
Thou canst create anew the vanished scene,
Recall the memory of forgotten years,
And show us what the state of man has been;
Raise but thy subtle wand, and quick appears
The sterile hill, or smiling valley green:
Enchanting Art! to study thee aright
Attunes the soul to virtue and delight.

## THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

### I.

Archbishops, Bishops, Marquises, and Earls,
Dukes, Barons, noble Viscounts, and the rest!
I'll just surmise that they are peevish churls
Who deem ye not "discreetest, wisest, best;"
With you, a tongue scarce wags, a sweet lip curls,
But the poor *House of Commons* seems oppressed
With a huge incubus, that gives it pains
In all its "Members," and distracts its brains!

### II.

Is it not dangerous to be born a *Peer?*
Think of a legislator two hours old!
At least, *de jure* he does so appear,
If not *de facto:*—as his powers unfold,
Too oft his rank contracts his mental sphere,
Unless his genius be the true and bold,
That looks abroad upon all human kind,
And claims with them a brotherhood of mind.

III.

And oft the soul in him of loftiest birth
Soars like an eagle to the purer sky,
Far o'er the dull and plodding schemes of earth
Achieves a glory that can never die,
While *true* nobility, unblemished worth,
Adds lustre to the coronet.—The high,
The low, the rich, the poor are all as naught,
If virtue burns not in the lamp of thought!

IV.

The British Nobles have most nobly done—
They, in the dark and troubled times of old,
When kingly power its legal bound outran,
When law was bartered, liberty was sold,
When mercy fled, and tyranny began,
Then, in their might stepped forth the Barons bold,
And won the *Magna Charta* of our land,
Signed, and upheld by freedom's guardian hand!

V.

Thou centre of the three "Estates!" great "House!"
Which all our Kings deem proper to augment,
Till, like the mountain that brought forth a mouse,
Thou seem'st to labour with some strange portent,
To fright the gaping world, its fears arouse,
And, when thy threatening inward throes are spent,
Alas! we find (I would not thee disparage,)
They end in some political "miscarriage!"

VI.

Oft, when the Commons send the Lords a "Bill,"
Passed by a snug majority, the Peers
In their own gracious way, with potent will,
Sieze the poor wretched bantling by the ears,
Shake, twist, and maul it, with such desperate skill,
That scarce a vestige of its form appears,
Then post it back, and to the "Commons" show it,
So changed—its own wise fathers hardly know it!

## VII.

Perhaps the Lords will cease their opposition—
Perhaps they will not plague the Commons more—
Perhaps they'll feel political contrition—
Perhaps they'll vote the People's House a bore—
Perhaps they dread an actual collision!—
Perhaps they're wiser now than heretofore—
Perhaps their lordships' troubles are all ended—
Perhaps the least that's said is the soonest mended!

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

### I.

Babel! in which there has been much confusion
Of tongues!—Thee, House of Commons! I would greet.
Thou great *vox populi!* thou *dear* delusion
To some who strive to gain in thee a seat!
Thou hive, from which proceeds the full diffusion
Of honied speeches, yet more long than sweet!
Hail to thee, Freedom's hot-bed! England's glory!
Den of grim Radical, sly Whig, bold Tory!

### II.

How shall I speak of thee, thou strange anomaly!
Wherein so many jarring minds have met!
From Pitt and Fox adown to Peel and Romilly,
Cobbett and Hume, and Wetherell the pet,
And Dan O'Connell, with his daily homily,
That made some fall asleep, and others fret!
And many worthies, patriots of their time,
A list too long to classify in rhyme.

III.

Oft have I sate within the "Commons' House,"
Yet felt not proud of all I witnessed there—
As rival Statesmen would some cause espouse,
Members were lolling with a listless air,
Or squinting through a glass, to look for *nous*,
And some loud snored behind the Speaker's chair:—
What! *this* a picture of the British Senate?
It *is*—my ink turns scarlet while I pen it!

IV.

But *now* we have a "House" they call—*Reformed*—
I see few symptoms of the reformation;
When last I saw it, a pure Member stormed,
And stamped, and groaned, because a sinful nation
Presumed to eat when hungry!—to be warmed
When cold!*—and, fevered by his hot oration,
He fiercely foamed, and, frantic, fussed and fumed,
Till, at the sight, e'en *Hume* became *unhumed!*

* The fastidious oration of Mr. Percival will, perhaps, occur to the Reader's recollection.

V.

House of the People! yet a loftier strain
Is due to thee for what thou wast, and art;
When Freedom's Sons were hunted to be slain,
When feudal tyranny had thrown her dart,
When serfs stood trembling on the hill and plain,
Then rose thy power to shield them, and impart
Just rights and equal laws to rich and poor,
To guard the Palace and the Cottage door.

VI.

Oh! mighty minds within thy walls have shone,
And streams of eloquence have issued there,
Whose swelling torrents shook the tyrant's throne,
Laid the deep core of treachery's cold heart bare,
Warmed every breast that was not chilled to stone,
And raised the patriot's soul to nobly dare
To burst oppression's galling yoke, and be
The bold, the brave, the fetterless, the free!

VII.

The *Patriot's* meed is fame that never dies,
He needs no bard to strike the quivering string,
To sound his praises to the answering skies;
His glory, riding on time's ceaseless wing,
Soars far above oblivion's stream, that lies
Where the dull weeds of life are withering.—
Yes! he, who seeks his country's good, will shine
A sun that sets not, dimless, and divine!

VIII.

And now, ye Members of the "House," give ear!
Tories, and Whigs, and Radicals, and others!
Oh! let it quickly by your "Acts" appear
That ye are of the people, and their brothers;
Let your free votes for every coming year
Please England's sons and daughters, sires and mothers:
Annul the taxes, if ye *can*—if not,
Make us contented with our present lot!

## IX.

What a most potent secret must that be,
To make mankind contented!—He who sought
So many years in doubt, and grief, and glee,
To find the *Philosophic Stone*, and caught
His death in searching:—he who eagerly
Seeks for life's *Grand Elixir*, and finds naught
But bitter dregs:—Oh! these are not more blind,
Than he who thinks he can content mankind!

## X.

Good night, good HOUSE OF COMMONS! though thy name
Is somewhat apt to dwindle into prose;
And though thy Members, if awake to fame,
Are somewhat apt to make their hearers doze;
Long may we know thee, unassailed by shame,
Unscathed by foreign or domestic foes,
Still mayst thou guide the vessel of our State,
With LAW her captain, FREEDOM her chief-mate!

## THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

### I.

August Society!—Grave President!
Council and Fellows!—learned Pundits, hail!
Accept the homage of a strain well meant;
And, though the rhymer's trembling lyre may fail,
Forgive his weakness, for his true intent
Is to bow down before ye, not to rail;
For ye are all most literal, learned sages,
Though somewhat blinded by the dust of ages!

### II.

I like Antiquity—his wrinkled face
Looks as though ancient Time and he were twins!
Alas! our dandy-like, our *modern* race!
Say, what can hide their innovating sins?
The Goths! they scarce would leave a hoary trace
Of by-gone ages, or of all that wins
Our memories to the past, ere men could dream
Of jogging thirty miles an hour by steam!

III.

Hast thou ne'er seen a pensive ANTIQUARY
With keen, delighted eye, pore o'er a box
Of rusty coins?—Beheld his features vary
At Cæsar, Nero, Trajan?—Orthodox
Are all these names to *William* and Queen *Mary*:—
Oh! happy he, who, cunning as a fox,
Can hoard up aught with old and quaint inscriptions,
Of Greeks or Romans, Vandals or Egyptians!

IV.

Great is the value of a lizard's toe,
That crawled in Rome, ere that proud city fell,
Say five, six, seven, eight centuries ago,
The earlier the better would it sell!
The tongs with which St. Dunstan nipped his foe
Unseemly by the nose—I scarce can tell
The worth of these:—no doubt, the *Virtuosi*
Would prize them more than gold-dust from Potosi!

V.

A seal picked up at Babylon; the key
With which *Hugh Bigod* locked up Bungay Park;
A piece of black wood brought from Galilee,
And *proved* to have been part of Noah's Ark;
Another piece from Shakspeare's *Mulberry-tree*,
Cut from an *Oak*, just underneath the bark!*
These are rare relics of the olden time,
Almost too rare to speak of, e'en in rhyme!

VI.

A helmet worn by *John of Gaunt*, the high one!
A spur dug up at *Cressy;* an old ring
Worn by Queen *Boadicea*, the sly one!
A spear, once wielded by a Saxon King;
A tortoiseshell tom-cat, (if they could buy one!)
Or any other *non-descriptive* thing!
Oh! had I these, in all their rare variety,
To give the darlings to the famed "*Society!*"

* If the number and variety of articles *said* to have been manufactured from Shakspeare's celebrated mulberry-tree were ALL *genuine*, the tree must, it is conjectured, have contained at least, a thousand loads!

VII.

Yet, deem not that *Antiquity* imparts
No charm to soothe, no power to raise the mind;
It leaves impressive tributes to our hearts,
A grace to win them, and a spell to bind;
As fleeting year succeeding year departs,
The frail memorials time has left behind
Grow dearer still, and, with decay allied,
Show more sublime than in their days of pride!

VIII.

The mouldering arch, the ruined abbey wall,
The castle nodding o'er the dark ravine,
The ivied tower, majestic in its fall,
The mossy tomb where gorgeous pomp has been,
The crumbling battlement of ancient hall,
The shattered aisle upon the lone cliff seen,
When modest twilight slowly drops her veil,
Yet sheds new beauty over hill and dale.

IX.

Oh! these are objects which awaken more
Of solemn thought, and pleasing memories,
Than the proud palace, sternly towering o'er
The burthened earth, aspiring to the skies;
The nobler relics of the past restore
Long-vanished scenes, as time unheeding flies,
Lift the rapt soul above the passing day,
And all of earth that vanishes away!

X.

And therefore, all ye learned ANTIQUARIANS!
Search deeper still into the mines of old,
Confuse our modern stultified barbarians,
Teach them to know deceitful dross from gold:
Ye churchmen, and seceders, and sectarians,
Of every kind and station, young and old,
Lead them in straiter paths, for their obliquity
Is far removed from all that graced Antiquity!

## GUY'S HOSPITAL.

### I.

For *once*, a London *Bookseller* be lauded!*
Old Thomas Guy! immortal be thy name!
Thy soul was full of charity—not sordid—
Here stands the monument that speaks thy fame;
Long will thy deeds be hallowed and applauded,
Blessed by the sick, the helpless blind, the lame!
For this, thy Hospital imparts relief,
To hearts o'er spent with agony and grief!

* Mr. Guy was a Bookseller, and, for the application of his *Hospital* to charitable purposes, the public are indebted to a singular and trifling circumstance. Guy employed a female servant, whom he had agreed to marry; some days previous to the intended ceremony, he had ordered that the pavement before his door should be mended up to a particular stone, which he marked, and then left his house on business. The servant, in his absence, saw a broken stone beyond the mark, which the workmen had not repaired, and, on pointing to it, they acquainted her that Mr. Guy had not ordered them to go so far; she, however, directed it to be done, and remarked, "Tell him I bade you, and he will not be angry." When Guy returned he was enraged to find they had exceeded his orders, renounced his engagement to his servant, and devoted his ample fortune to public charity!

II.

So, THOMAS GUY! I feel extremely glad
Thou didst not marry thy enchanting "Maid,"
Who would have been thy Spouse, and, if she had,
This pile had ne'er been founded, I'm afraid!
No! *then* thy children might have plagued their *Dad*,
And, by the time their lengthy bills were paid,
Thy purse, good man, might thus have lost its gilding,
And thou hadst lost thy virtuous rage for building!

III.

But thou hast built, endowed, and freely brought
The means to lessen human woe and pain;
Blest be thy spirit for the good it wrought;
Bright shall thy fame upon the earth remain;
He who, in singleness of heart, hath sought
To lessen woe, has more than earthly gain!
Yes! god-like charity and love will give
That peace, for which 'tis worth a heaven to live!

IV.

Alas! old HOSPITAL! in thee are given
Long, lingering lectures on the healing art!
Young hair-brained students in thy walls have striven
To learn the structure of the human heart;
And, having guessed that vital blood is driven
Through veins and arteries to every part,
They rush into the world, and make a bustle
Of vessel, fibre, membrane, nerve, and muscle!

V.

And, oh! to hear them name their nauseous physic!
Cathartic, sudorific, alterative,
Tonic, expectorant (this cures the phthisic),
Emenagogue, refrigerent, sedative,
Demulcient (given when the patient *is* sick!)
Astringent, lithontriptic, lubricative,
And more:—to tell you *all*, I must be able
To speak the thousand languages of Babel!

VI.

And then, to view their odious drugs !—their manna,
Rhubarb, magnesia, antimonial wine,
Jalap, calumba, ipecacuanha,
Bark, gentian, calomel, salts, iodine,
Copaiba, soda, gamboge, opium, senna,
Ammonia, arsenic, colocynth, quinine!
Valerian, aloes,—hold! as I'm a sinner,
Another word of this would spoil my dinner!

VII.

What power the young Apothecary gains
When he has passed the "Hall!"—Ah! then, indeed,
Although he must not knock out people's brains,
Yet, he may cup, and salivate, and bleed,
And give us drugs till little life remains!
And, if he kills a few, he does not heed
The case a straw, because his *license* freely
Allows the man to slaughter us genteelly!

## VIII.

Yet thou, famed Hospital of Thomas Guy!
We must not part with thee, and not award
The praise thy founder merits.—Bright on high
He sits enthroned; and many a golden chord
Of harps angelic, with their minstrelsy,
Will tremble softly as they throw abroad,
In tuneful melody, his deathless name—
A sound allied to virtue and to fame!

## THE TEMPLE.

### I.

The Temple! *Law's* most dignified retreat!
Here learned Barristers and Benchers dwell,
Here Students learn to quibble, and complete
The art of making the worst cause excel;
Lawyers can prove that acid is most sweet—
That black is white—the kernel is the shell—
That light is darkness—that the wasp's a bee—
That everything is nothing but—a fee!

### II.

To hear a grave and learned *Counsel* speak!
This is a treat well worth a seven hours' fasting!
Or seven days, rather, if he stand a week—
In sooth, *some* Lawyers talk for everlasting!
And all the while so modest, and so meek,
So unconcerned, as though they were but casting
The sum of chances that may rule the "Action;"
*Before* they speak they count them to a fraction!

III.

A Counsel's speech—"My Lord! I now stand here
As Counsel for the *Plaintiff!*—in this case,
Made and provided, it will seem quite clear
That the *Defendant's* conduct was most base;
And, as aforesaid, nevertheless, appear
In *Wrangler* versus *Jangler*—in its place,
The sixth of George the III. *cap.* 21;"—
And thus he leaves off—just where he begun!

IV.

Not so the *Plaintiff* and *Defendant!*—No!
*They* can't "leave off," for them there is no stay,
Deeper and deeper, onward they must go;
And, as the morning mist melts fast away,
Or swiftly wastes beneath a shower the snow,
Their cash glides off, the Lawyers take their pay:
The *Plaintiff* and *Defendant*, hapless clients!
Find themselves Pigmies conquered by the Giants!

V.

Yet British LAW, when JUSTICE takes her hand,
While they in peace wend o'er the realm together,
And hold the scales so even o'er the land,
That one would turn if freighted by a feather,
Then all men's rights alike and equal stand,
And, though life's year may bring us stormy weather,
Yet, though the Lawyers may at times confute us,
They still will find a law-suit does not suit us!

VI.

Thou legal TEMPLE, which we term the "*Inner!*"
And thou, which men denominate the "*Outer!*"
Oh! may each student, every young beginner,
Learn that the LAW bears venom oft about her,
That she will punish every stubborn sinner,
Convince each wrangling and litigious doubter,
That, if he plunges into *Law* for *right*,
He bids at once his peace of mind "Good Night!"

VII.

Then, when he lies him down upon his pillow,
He finds his heart goes sinking—sinking—sinking!—
And, like a bard, whose harp is on the willow,
He lies half stupid thinking—thinking—thinking—
Rolling and tossing, like a restless billow;
And, as a rake who has been all night drinking,
He feels a fever in his blood—forgets
All but his *law-suit*, mortgages, and debts!

VIII.

Temple, farewell!—we need the Law, to keep
In order mortals prone to break the peace;
And, when the people go astray, like sheep,
We lack not gentlemen to shear the fleece!
Oh! may mankind from past experience reap
The fruits of prudence, may her sway increase,
While *Law* and *Equity*, in Britain's isle,
Protect the honest and reprove the vile!

## BILLINGSGATE MARKET

### I.

GATE of all gates, sweet BILLINGSGATE, I sing!
That soft retreat of the reluctant fishes,
Which carts, and smacks, and boats, and steamers bring
To trim the dainty Cockneys' smoking dishes,
Tickle the tastes of Citizen and King,
And consummate their gastronimic wishes!
Mart of the scaly, shelly, finny tribes,
I sing of thee, in spite of scoffs and gibes!

### II.

Ye little sprats, that swim the salt, salt sea;
Ye shrimps and prawns, that at the bottom creep;
Ye salmon, sporting in the river Dee,
Ye turbots, wallowing in the briny deep!
Ye luscious fish of high and low degree,
Rouse! rouse ye all from your aquatic sleep!
Haste from our shores! in rocky hollows lie;
Hide, hide from man, or ye must boil or fry!

III.

Strange is the appetite of man! to seek
His food in water, on the earth, in air!
Flies a poor bird above the loftiest peak,
It cannot e'en escape his artful snare;
Swims a poor finner in the loneliest creek,
Dangerous, deep—he quickly finds it there!
Fish, flesh, and fowl, green herb, root, fruit, and grain,
Man eager seeks, devours, and seeks again!

IV.

I wander from thee, BILLINGSGATE! thou scene
Of many a strange and "delicate" affray,
Where sweet-mouthed lasses, elegant of mien,
Throw the true English dull reserve away,
And, open-hearted, free from silent spleen,
Give, unabashed, the dulcet words they say:
To prove these words are *choice* ones, hear, and mind them,
You'll wonder where the chattering jades can find them!

V.

Ye nymphs, who tread the purlieus of this mart,
Ye dames, who bear the fish in tray or basket,
Grant me one favour! from mine inmost heart,
There, from its deep and fervent pulse I ask it,
Let "evil speaking" from your tongues depart!
Keep your sweet words, like jewels, in a casket!
Oh! woman's tongue (I humbly ask her pardon)
Is the wild *scarlet runner* of life's garden!

VI.

I take my leave, famed BILLINSGATE! farewell!
May every fishing-craft that hoists thy banners,
Fill well her nets:—may all who buy and sell
In thee, amend their morals and their manners!
I own thy usefulness—the truth to tell,
Thy sons and daughters are most able planners,
Most wily anglers!—when their bait is down,
They hook the gaping *gudgeons* of the town!

# THE CORN EXCHANGE,

## MARK LANE.

### I.

MARK LANE!—resort of Factors and of Millers!
Merchants and Bakers, thrifty sons of gain,
Contractors, Farmers, Mealmen, and Distillers;
*Dealers* they are, although not *rogues*, in grain:
Here smile hale faces, for your true care-killers
Are they who follow in fair *Ceres*' train;
E'en *here*, though smoke surrounds us, there seems born
A rustic sunshine from the yellow corn!

### II.

Here stand Flour-Factors, *laughing in their souls*,
Because, perchance, they've "caught" the wily Bakers,
While *they* are planning how their next new Rolls
May make more business for the Undertakers!
Astringent alum in its grasp controuls
The little puffy loaf—the cheerful makers
See round them rise high pyramids of wealth,
And gain their bread, while others lose their health.

III.

I love to see a *Miller* in MARK LANE!
To hear him slily ask a Factor's "price;"
And, while he handles the plump rattling grain,
Declares it *pingled*, only fit for mice!
Then will he turn, yet soon *re*-turn again,
Pronounce it "dear," yet buy it in a trice;
While, though his honest brow is somewhat lowery,
His eye is sparkling, and his speech is *flowery!*

IV.

Did not fair *Ceres* make a slight mistake
When she first patronized a mart like this?
Do they who sell, and buy, and grind, and bake,
Ne'er vex the goddess when they act amiss?
And does she not, poor *Ceres*, ofttimes quake
When rapid keels, in mingling discord hiss
In ocean's tide? while, on the billows borne,
The very ship-holds groan forth—"*Foreign Corn!*"

V.

It comes—is sold, or placed "in durance vile,"
In bond—while here the farmer's teeming land
Rewards him not for tillage and for toil,
Nor throws its wonted profit in his hand;
He grows dis-spirited, neglects the soil,
While hapless peasants mournful round him stand,
And, murmuring, feel a strange foreboding dread—
Though corn be cheap they cannot purchase bread!

VI.

Not that we deem "cheap bread" an evil.—No!
But, when through long and heavy-burthened years
A man has tilled the earth, and tilled it too
And sowed in joy—yet often reaped in tears,
With much to bear, and something to forego,
Ere a bright speck upon his fate appears—
Say, is it justice thus, that alien lands
Should snatch the profit from his toiling hands!

VII.

Why is earth's produce in Britannia's isle
Not raised as cheaply as in foreign climes?
What cloud has dimmed prosperity's sweet smile?
Whence gloomed the darkness that enwraps our times?
I dare not hint that Statesmen might beguile
Wrong by their errors,—ruin by their crimes,—
I tax no mortal—am no vain alarmer,
I only guess they've crushed the British Farmer!

VIII.

Yet the bold Farmers bear the evil well!—
I love to see them, and their rosy daughters,
Who, while their fathers of their losses tell,
Shoot from their eyes a hundred thousand slaughters;
Ye rustic swains! how many a country belle
With her own sweet simplicity has caught us!
When once a youth is *caught*, 'tis vain to strive
To get from love's drag-net again alive!

IX.

Sweet is the fragrance of the fertile farm,
When Spring comes sporting in her garb of green,
On hill, in vale, in budding woods, a charm
Is felt in all that there is heard and seen,
And Summer glides upon us soft as balm,
And Autumn marches with her solemn mien,
And waving corn-fields bid the heart aspire
To social joys around the Winter fire!

X.

Mark Lane!—Mark Lane! farewell to thee and thine!
Dispense thy favours to the cits of London,
Indeed 'tis true (as is this lay of mine)
That, without thee, the Cockneys might be undone!
Soon might they waste, for wheaten bread repine,
Hot Rolls! fat Aldermen! there might be none done!
And therefore, all who would not life's thread sever,
Shout long and loud—"Hurrah! Mark Lane for ever!"

## THE AUCTION MART.

### I.

Imposing Mart! how many fine estates,
How many houses and deep-mortgaged lands,
In thee have been transferred, with tithes and rates,
And countless *items*, into alien hands,
With deeds and quibbles which the law creates?—
And *that* may e'en prefer some small demands;
Oft here the spendthrift sees his own undoing,
And hears his birth-right "Going—Going—Going!"

### II.

Gone!—gone, like mist of morning that will flee
Away in haste!—Another takes his place,
A lucky, wealthy, stealthy mortgagee,
Who gathers riches for his rising race,
Laughs at the vendor, like a sly vendee,
Yet speaks in mimic sorrow of his case,
And wonders *how* the stripling lost his money—
This seems to savour more of sting than honey!

III.

Pictures, and books, and furniture,—and shares
At *par* or *discount* in the "Mart" are sold;
Knights of the Hammer here forget their cares,
And, raised by eloquence, and urged by gold,
They catch the bidders by alluring snares:
Blush for the fibs these orators have told!
I dare not call them lies; for, if I feel
I *might* do this, it would not be genteel!

IV.

The World is but an Auction Mart, where men
Will sell e'en conscience to the highest bidder!
As though she oft were troublesome, and then
They deem it most agreeable to rid her!
Oh! conscience oft has opened to their ken
Their own deformity—they sharply chid her,
As one would chide a babe, that does but weep
More while we strive to rock it to its sleep!

V.

But when grim Death, that reckless AUCTIONEER,
Comes with his hammer just to "Knock us down,"
'Twere well to have a conscience calm and clear,
So that we need not dread his withering frown,
Though for our mortal "Lot" we pay too dear!
Still we may find it worth a *changeless crown*,
And not dispute the purchase and complain,
Nor wish to see "The lot put up again!"

VI.

And thus, old MART, thou art a peg whereon
To hang a moral!—and the man who reads it
May mark it well, and, ere its force be gone,
May take the wholesome lesson as he needs it;
But on life's road how many a *marking-stone*
The pilgrim passes by, and never heeds it,
Although it shows the only way that tend
To lead him safely to his journey's end.

## THE EXCISE OFFICE.

### I.

JUST on the spot where this huge building stand,
The house of Charity was raised of yore
By one benevolent and pious hand,
To clothe the naked and to feed the poor;*
But *now!*—nine* (not the tuneful nine) demand
Enormous *duties!* and their cry is "More!"
"More!"—"More!"—while gathering around them rise
The legal spoils, collected by EXCISE!

* The Excise Office was erected in 1763, on the site of the Alms' Houses founded by Sir Thomas Gresham. The business is managed by *nine* Commissioners, who receive the duty on all exciseable commodities.

II.

Strange, that we cannot eat, nor drink, nor sleep,
Nor ride, nor walk, nor wear a decent dress,
Nor do scarce any other thing (but weep)
Without a *tax* our pleasures to repress;
Things on the earth, and on the billowy deep,
All are *exciseable*, or more or less,
And spies are sent into our very houses
To pry and search, in spite of scolding spouses!

III.

Ye women, scrubbing at your frothy tubs!
How have your stout hearts failed, devoid of hope;
How has the hand, the tender hand that rubs,
Instinctive grasped and found a lack of *soap!*
While ye, like she-bears, growling o'er their cubs,
Or silent, sulky, like grave owls that mope,
Have, notwithstanding that it mars your beauty,
In secret curst the soap—the suds—the *duty!*

IV.

Ye yeomen! ye, who love a cheerful glass
Of the old English nut-brown, home-brew'd beer!
When ye would kindly toast some favourite lass,
How have ye sighed to find the malt so dear!
And, while you let the foaming bumper pass,
There seemed a kind of night-mare on the cheer,
Till, from your hearts ye hoped, like loyal wisemen,
The *Deil* would fly away with *all* EXCISEMEN!

V.

And ye who love the sweet cigar! and all
Who court the pipe, and whiff the "Indian weed,"
How have ye felt your saddened spirits fall,
Your porous hearts at every short puff bleed,
Your very palates only tasting gall
In the bland vapour from its parent freed,
Because the tax upon the darling leaf
Abridged your puffs—expensive—burthened—brief!

VI.

And oh, ye ladies, sippers of Souchong!
Ye worshippers of tea-urns, hotly hissing,
Ye flirters with "Young Hyson!" how ye long
To catch his fragrant breath, and to be kissing
His disembodied spirit!—Then the wrong
Your souls have felt, when there was, haply, missing
The *quantum suff.* of your beloved Bohea:—
The *duty* stints your scandal and your tea!

VII.

Office! how many searching sons hast thou
Sent forth amongst us, with their dip-sticks clever?
'Tis hard before these prying ones to bow,
Who hover round us with their books for ever;
And we must beg them to "*permit*" us now
To add unto our "stores," or they may sever
The dealer and his wares, and only laugh
To think he loses *all*, and they take *half!**

* "Half to the Informer, and half to the King," this is the "custom of the *Customs*;" and, we might add—

*Ditto*, or *like* wise,
The same of the *Excise!*

VI.

But there was *one* Exciseman, rest his soul!
He was the grandest gauger of them all,
And, for his sake, my anger I controul
Against the brotherhood, both great and small:
Yes! for while o'er us countless ages roll,
Man succeeds man upon our earthly ball,
That with its millions ever-changing turns,
So long will beam the star of bonnie BURNS!

VII.

Poor BURNS! he never gauged a butt of wine,
He never placed a dip-stick in the whiskey,
But that he felt a longing to define
The feelings of a *spirit* wild and frisky,
Nor left it till he felt his legs decline;
Then, like a frigate in the Bay of Biscay,
He rolled, despite of all his neighbours' banter,
Most "glorious," like his own daft *Tam O'Shanter!*

X.

One word, huge OFFICE! ere I take my leave:
May the good time arrive, when thou and thine
Will hold no more dominion to bereave
The folk of brandy, whiskey, rosy wine!
Of tea, tobacco, snuff, for which they grieve!
*Then* your *Commissioners*, the noble nine,
May sit and twirl their useless thumbs alone,
Their places, profits, and their *duties* gone!

XI.

One *final* word to ye, who love too well
The tempting things now burthened by *Excise;*
Court smiling *Temperance*, and ne'er rebel
Against your pulses, for it is not wise;
This truth, not we alone, but time will tell,
And snatch, at last, the *blinkers* from your eyes!
Our verse records not *when* this good will be—
"None are so blind as they who will not see!"

## THE MANSION HOUSE.

### I.

HOUSE of high civic honours, civic cares,
Of civic hopes, and civic consternation!
Where the great Magistrate, with all his snares,
To catch the cockney rascals takes his station;
And, if he hooks a scoundrel unawares,
He feels transported at his transportation!
A set of lawless wretches in a row,
Make but a melancholy LORD MAYOR'S SHOW!

### II.

*The Lord Mayor's Show!*—that city-pageant brings
Men, women, children, from their day's employ;
The *sight* enraptures all, from clowns to kings,
So great and omnipresent is the joy!
Then dazzling equipages, gorgeous things
Of gilt and gingerbread the vision cloy:
Could *now* famed *Whittington* behold the Mayor,
Not only *he*, but his grave *cat* would stare!

III.

Come to the MANSION HOUSE at Easter-tide,
See the Lord Mayor and Citizens at table!
Soft does the rich, luxurious *Turtle* glide
Down Aldermanic throats! oh! how unstable
Seems every dish his Lordship may provide!
Presto!—they're gone! (in sooth I write no fable)
Gone are more viands than would fill a waggon—
This makes us muse on old *Bell and the Dragon!*

IV.

I love to see the *Aldermen* all dine,
The *Common Council*, and the *Sheriffs* grave—
Oh! for a tun of Heidelburg, with wine
Filled to the brim of every stretching stave!
At the *Mayor's* feast the rays of genius shine,
And, flashing round the beautiful and brave,
Play attic wit, (does this mean from the garret?)
"The feast of reason, and the flow of"—Claret!

V.

The City-Mayors, since first their Charter old
Was granted by KING JOHN, have loved to revel
With Kings and Nobles, thirsty Barons bold,
To raise their festive spirits o'er the level
Of earth's dull cares;—and they have bought, and sold,
And merchandized, for good report or evil,
From Hal Fitz-Alwyn* to the pure Sir *John* Key,
Whom my friend, *Mrs. Bray*, re-named the *Don* Key!

VI.

Ye city vagabonds! ye thieves! who stroll
In search of plunder from dark street to street,
Know ye that fast the waves of justice roll,
That soon the storms of punishment may beat;
Then, if the MAYOR your future fate controul,
Life's cup will be all bitter, and the sweet
Content that flows from innocence will fly,
And ye may bow your mournful heads, and die!

* Fabian and Arnold, in their respective Chronicles, affirm that FITZ-ALWYN first assumed the name of *Mayor* in 1207.

VII.

Life is not worth the value of a straw,
If the heart beats not free from cankering vice ;
Then the mind dreads not justice, fears not law,
Then conscience makes her own fair paradise,
And the soul, like a cheerly bee, can draw
Sweets from all flowers, and, at her own surmise,
Create a world in which she well can borrow
A light, unshaded by a cloud of sorrow !

VIII.

Long live the MAYOR !—long stand the civic PALACE !
We ill could spare them while the world decays,
While strife and faction, hatred, envy, malice,
Infest the private and the public ways !—
And ye, great *Aldermen !* who love the chalice
Brimmed with delight upon your festive days,
Feast on !—but think, while ye are dainties carving,
There *may* be very worthy people starving !

## IX.

And therefore, when the garnished table groans,
And flings up incense to your tingling noses,
When mellow music breathes her dulcet tones,
And every sense lolls on a bed of roses:
Remember! timely charity atones
For much of error, and the soul composes.—
So, while ye live to eat, in pity give
A crust to those who only eat to live!

## THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

### I.

Gardens of pleasure, of delight, of awe,
Home of illustrious bears and great baboons!
Thy prettiest flowers—at least the flowers I saw—
Were long-tailed monkeys, lamas, and racoons;
Thy loveliest rose-bud was a red macaw;
But thou hast wonders from the triple zones,
The frigid, temperate, and eke the torrid—
The charming, beautiful, delightful, horrid!

### II.

Here merry monkeys gambol in their space,
And frisk from branch to branch, from stem to stem,
Ease in each limb, vain wisdom in each face,
As though the dandies, that oft gaze at them,
Were—shame to speak it—of a kindred race!
They leap, they bound, and, in their freaks contemn
Bruises, and falls, and danger, while they hold
With tails and paws, and chatter like a scold.

III.

How picturesque appears a monkey's tail,
When twirled around a bough by which 'tis caught!
It seems as though, when some resources fail,
He knows the *end* to which he must resort!
Though slips his agile foot, his plans prevail,
And e'en in danger he but seems to sport,
For though he headlong falls, in his calamity
His greatest comfort is in his extremity!

IV.

See here the mighty elephant!—I stood
Near him one day—a lady nearer yet—
A little painted box of Tunbridge wood
She held, a present for her youngest pet;
She laughed aloud—the beast observed her mood,
Deemed it an insult, and, with eyes sharp set,
He luffed his *caput*, cunning as a fox,
His trunk swept by my chest and crushed her box!

V.

See here the mighty elephant!—supreme!
A living mountain!—Instinct's noblest son!
Reason's half brother!—From his heart a stream
Flows to his veins, that like great rivers run!
His strength is as the whirlwind, and a beam
Of power is in his eye, itself a sun!
He moves—the green turf trembles;—he's at rest—
The solid earth seems with his weight opprest!

VI.

Behold the greedy cormorant—the deer
From the great lakes—the eagle, strong and fleet—
The hungry pelican, that keeps his cheer
Pouched in his cupboard for a casual treat—
The armadillo, trotting with his gear,
That clicks like hob-nails on a stony street!
The *lion* here seems gentle in his airs,
I cannot bear the bearing of the bears!

VII.

They growl, they snarl, they snap, they scratch, they bite,
They roar, they howl, they hug, they foam, they grin,
Encounter fiercely, more obdurate fight,
Tear out each others eyes, and raise a din
Enough to drive more mad a bedlamite;
Without terrific, brutal rage within,
While vengeful fire their horrid eyes illumine,
So natural, you'd almost deem them—human!

VIII.

Not that we call our fellow-man a bear!
Lord of creation's infinite domain,
The child of gladness, and the longing heir
Of growing hopes, for ever to remain;
Enough to see that, with especial care
He sometimes gives us motives to arraign
His words, his deeds, and leaves us, if we can,
To *guess* if he be quadruped or—man!

IX.

He who has light to see, a heart to feel,
A mind to contemplate, a sense to prize
The wonders, which these garden-scenes reveal
Of nature's kingdom to his searching eyes,
May ponder *here*, and to his soul appeal
For grateful homage to the only Wise,
The mighty One, whose all-creating word
Through the vast realm of new-born time was heard!

X.

That word came forth—the hills, the valleys shook,
While passed the rushing of the vital breath,
Dark chaos started, and her form forsook,
And life sprang up from shapeless dust beneath,
And trembling matter in a moment took
New forms of being, ere unchartered death
Had triumphed o'er earth's breathing things with scorn,
Ere pain or sorrow, fear or sin, were born!

## XI.

I leave the GARDENS as the twilight grey
Falls, like a mantle, o'er the closing scene;
And, as I wend my solitary way,
Far off, to where my village paths are green,
I muse on nature's universal sway,
Her smile benignant, and her gracious mien;
I muse, and own, though day's bright tints now fade,
That chequered life has more of light than shade.

## HYDE PARK.

### I.

COME to the PARK—the fashionable PARK!
Come, ere the chilly dews of eve are stealing
O'er the sweet flowers:—here many a graceful spark
Smiles on the fair with a peculiar feeling;
I think they should not wander after dark,
Nor when night's queen her lustre is revealing;
There *may* be danger in the calm moonshine,
Love's serpent *may* lurk by the SERPENTINE!

### II.

How many a lover by *that* gentle river
Has breathed his tender, everlasting vows,
Sworn on the altar of his truth for ever,
When first he tries to win a charming spouse!
But, if she smile not on his suit!—the quiver
Of his pale lip, and his contracted brows,
His gaze upon the water with a lunge,
Bespeak his inclination for a plunge!

III.

But, if she smiles! his bright eye looks above,
His heart is *galvanized*, and thumps and bounces,
As though by one sweet lingering "Yes" of love,
Its core were lighten'd fifty thousand ounces!
The man seems metamorphosed to a dove,
He vows eternal fealty, and renounces
All other fair ones—she's his first—his last—
At least until the honey-moon be past!

IV.

Come to the PARK—and let it be on Sunday—
The choicest day to view the rich and great,
Who would not leave their pleasures on a Monday,
The sports with which their souls they recreate;
Besides, with them 'tis hopeless, e'en for *one* day,
To seize the forelock on time's ancient pate,
And so, they dearly love this Sabbath ramble—
Because they must not box, nor drink, nor gamble!

V.

See here the citizen, who all the week
Has clung to business in some dusky alley;
He comes salubrious breezes here to seek,
And, as he feels them in their freedom dally
With his lank, sallow, melancholy cheek,
He feels the army of his spirits rally,
And cries, although he breathes but smoke-fog there,
"Well—I *do* love a little *country* air!"

VI.

Here the beau struts to shew his last new coat,
And here the belle to shew her latest bonnet,
On which some love-sick dandy may so doat,
He deems it worthy of a tender sonnet;
Virtue and mind are from his theme remote,
The mind! he ne'er bestowed a thought upon it!
Good people now (the fashion surely odd is)
Leave their souls naked, while they deck their bodies!

VII.

Have ye not seen a martial *Field-Day* here,
When horse and foot shone in their bright array?
When rolled the drum, and spoke the bugle clear,
And the PARK echoed to the trumpet's bray?
When flags and banners streamed in front and rear?
Each form was upright, and each face was gay,
As though the great, the good, the glad, the true,
Were all concentered in a grand REVIEW.

VIII.

A grand REVIEW!—the daring Soldier's school,
To teach his "young idea how to *shoot*,"
To slay his brother by the surest rule,
And feel no pang, no terror, like the brute!
Soft! I must let my indignation cool,
These grave remarks will not our worldlings suit—
My grand REVIEW may, though my motive's pure,
Gain a *Review* from some morose *Reviewer!*

IX.

All ye who ramble through the PARK of life,
If ye would wander pleasantly together,
Avoid the storms of malice and of strife,
And ye shall find it mostly summer-weather:
But, when the evil passions all are rife,
Men sneer, and snap, and quarrel for a feather;
And thence the chain of love is torn asunder,
And, where a sun should beam, rage storm and thunder!

X.

The crowd is gone—the PARK is silent left,
And I am here to meditate alone,
Save one or two, who seem like me bereft
Of timely sleep—the cold and lazy moon
Shows not her face: and I have heard of theft
Committed here, and of the dying groan—
PARK! I will go, since 'tis so drear and dark,
Ere I be lost, as was poor *Mungo* PARK!

## THE KING'S BENCH.

### I.

Is this a *Prison?*—Is there no mistake?
I see around me sleek and merry faces,
They laugh in groups, like people at a wake,
Seem quite enchanted with their present places,
I hear the pointed jests they give and take,
I see their comic, quizzical grimaces:
Are these the men, who, having spent their all,
Keep in the BENCH a daily festival!

### II.

Is this a *Prison?*—here are market-stalls,
And shops and taverns, where the sons of mirth
Carouse, and sing, and dance, and foster brawls,
As though they breathed the freest imps on earth!
Here music breathes, and thoughtless pleasure calls
Her heedless children, and here shows no dearth
Of all that luxury and cash can get—
Are these the *joys* of bankruptcy and debt!

III.

If so, I see but little use in cash!
While they who waste it pass a life so sweet!
Why should men fag, and fret, and cut, and dash,
And buy and sell (do every thing but cheat!)
In the world's mart, in speculations rash,
In care, and thought, and toil, in cold, in heat?
Why *do* all this, if he, who spends his money,
Lives like a drone, and yet enjoys the honey!

IV.

Yet here is ONE—I see him walk apart,
Solemn and slow—his waving locks are grey,
And there is sorrow's winter in his heart,
Though once it shared a long, long summer-day;
I knew him then, and saw its sun depart,
Sad was the sinking of its lingering ray,
And, when the night of sadness came, so drear,
It came without a star—and left him here!

V.

He was a man whose hands and heart were pure,
On whom, in happier days, kind fortune smiled,
And he had hoped life's gladness would endure;
Guileless himself, yet by the world beguiled,
While in his own integrity secure,
Deceived, betrayed, yet walked he undefiled,
Though they who courted him when rich and great,
Left him when poor to sorrow o'er his fate!

VI.

I saw a tear-drop in his aged eye
Glisten beneath the dark, expressive lash;
I heard his low, though not desponding sigh—
He raised his feeble hand, yet scarce could dash
The tear away—and, while he gazed on high,
Calm and resigned, his aspect might abash
A worldly spirit, while that stricken one
Breathed four soft trembling words—"Thy will be done!"

VII.

But *here* are men, who, in sad contrast stand
To that poor debtor—men, who spent their treasure
With a most *presto sort of sleight-of-hand,*
That seemed to conjure wealth away at pleasure!
Their hours were idle, though their schemes were grand!
They sinned in haste, but to repent at leisure!
That leisure comes not yet, for now in ill
They all seem here extremely busy still!

VIII.

How easy 'tis to get in debt!—I've tried it—
How hard to struggle out again!—I know it—
Bad is a teazing dun!—I can't abide it—
How sad to be arrested!—I can show it—
'Tis harder still to lie in jail!—I hide it
Far from my thoughts—it would not suit a Poet—
Oh! it were hard indeed, if one, who scrawls
Sweet verse, were forced to spout it to dead walls!

IX.

Yet, who will *trust* a Poet?— He, indeed,
Has little chance his truant foot to set
In thee, old BANCO REGIS!—though with speed
He runs the muse, he cannot run in debt!
He finds no cash nor credit in his need;
To him, 'tis quite convenient to forget
That such things are as eating—clothing—drinking—
He lives to think—but can he live by thinking?

X.

Good Marshal of the BENCH! take care, I pray thee,
Of all within thy prison "Rules."*—No doubt,
They are most free who can most freely pay thee;
And, though *in* "durance," they can soon get *out!*
Did none e'er break their "bond," Sir, and betray thee,
By too long tarrying at a country rout
Some fifty miles from town?—and, six weeks after,
Come back to prison-discipline and laughter!

* The Liberties, or "Rules," as they are called, of the KING'S BENCH, comprehend all St. George's Fields, one side of Blackman-Street, and part of the Borough High-Street, forming an area of about three miles in circumference. These rules are usually purchascable by the prisoners, at the following rate:—five guineas

XI.

I leave the BENCH—I feel no wish to gain
A "legal settlement" in this *queer* place!
Though men seem here to laugh at fear and pain,
And deem not loss of liberty disgrace;—
To me, unbounded freedom forms the main
Spring of existence, giving time and place
A rapturous charm, which, if not o'er us shed,
Life is a grave, in which our joy lies dead!

XII.

Ye, who on liberty's free pinion soar!
Keep well your balance, lest ye fall unwary!
Enslaved, imprisoned, ye may rise no more,
But, like a poor and pitiful canary,
Beat your encircling cage, yet find no door
From which to see life's brighter prospects vary!
Live free from DEBT—be not by *that* molested—
Arrest its grasp—or be yourselves arrested!

for small debts; eight guineas for the first hundred pounds of debt, and about half that sum for every additional hundred pounds. Each purchaser must give good security to the governor, or marshal, as he is called. *His* perquisites are—"Oh, no! we never mention *them*!"

## THE MINT.

### I.

GREAT MINT! hot smelter of the yellow gold,
And eke the dazzling silver, and the brass!
Art thou as rich as thou wast wont of old,
When guineas and their "little ones" would pass
For all commodities, when bought and sold
By our great grandsires and their sons? Alas!
Guineas are gone! and sweet seven-shilling pieces,
So nice for rich aunts to present their nieces!

### II.

I had a rich aunt once—she passed away
And did not leave her nephew one baubee;
So I was poor indeed, and, sad to say,
I'm doomed, most likely, ever so to be;
What then! I've lived, and loved, and had my day,
And hope to have another!—Verily
I must not murmur, I have bread and noise,
Four thumping girls and eight unruly boys!

III.

Great MINT! of all the mints thou art the best,
Though many mints are known in our creation;
Spearmint, and peppermint, and all the rest
Must hold to thee a most inferior station!
Thou wear'st the precious metals on thy crest,
And *they* give rank in this our plodding nation;
Gold is the *standard* of all excellence—
Power, honour, justice, glory, virtue, sense!

IV.

Oh, Gold! thou art the calf we worship! Thou
The "Image" in our hearts "set up" and nurst;
Before thy radiance greedy nations bow,
Thy power is oft for good, and oft accurst,
The world is staggering 'neath thy poison now!
To thee, the million yield their homage first,
Thou Dagon of the soul!—thou Sire of Evil,
Thou Lucifer, Abaddon, Satan, Devil!

V.

Old MINT! thou art a sinner! thou hast sent
Forth to the world so many glittering pieces,
They only bring the serpent, discontent,
Into our hearts, our love for them increases,
While some are hoarded, others are ill spent,
One man is fleeced the while another fleeces,
And thus, between the loser and the winner,
The world turns out no Lilliputian sinner!

VI.

How sad it is that from dull earth was forced
The tempting gold.—Yes! it were better, sure,
That it had slept, and never been divorced
From its old parent, solemn and demure;
How many a sordid selfish soul, now lost
In mammon's mist, had rested then secure
From that hot, irritating, *yellow*-fever,
That acts upon them like a magic lever!

VII.

And yet, 'tis pleasant in one's scrip to bear
Some mint-coin, with the image of the king
Impressed thereon, with a good *Sovereign* air,
And the bold Dragon, that mis-shapen thing,
O'er which St. George rides with an English stare,
And tickles the huge monster 'neath the wing!
Ugly device!—but, maugre all my strictures,
I wish I'd half a million of such pictures!

VIII.

And thou, great *Master* of the MINT! give ear!
List to thy supplicant, who humbly sues
To thee, luxurious, long-loved LABOUCHERE!*
One modest small request thou'lt not refuse,
When a new *coinage* comes in any year—
Oh! smelt some heavy ingots for my muse!
And tell *Lord Melbourne* this, and, say I am,
Like he, to have some MINT-*sauce* to my LAMB!†

* Rt. Hon. Henry *Labouchere*, the present Master of the Mint.

† William *Lambe*, Viscount Melbourne, first Lord of the Treasury, 1837.

## THE TWO-PENNY POST OFFICE.

### I.

Poor I, who, whilom, sang the *General* Post,
Now sing the old *Particular*.—Of thee,
Important Two-Penny! of thee I boast;
Thou art so true, so regular, so free,
Thy daily favours are a moving host
Of written documents, that well may be
As fire to frigid hearts wrapped up in snow—
Like ice to others that too warmly glow!

### II.

'Tis quite delightful to *expect* a letter;
Not always *so* delightful when we read it;
It might have been yet longer—fuller—better;
It offers sage advice—we did not need it;
It speaks of passions which we ought to fetter;
It warns us of some ill—we do not heed it;
It tells of business—then we deem it stupid;
Of love—it sets us gadding after Cupid!

III.

I well remember the first awful sheet
Brought by the Two-Penny to my happy home;
I felt my flesh crawl on my bones, my feet
Seemed sliding underneath me, and my doom
Untimely fixed, for ever sealed, complete!
I went to Nollekens—bespoke a tomb—
I looked as pale as though my corse then lay for it—
"A tomb," said Nollekens—"*but who's to pay for it!*"*

IV.

Thus ran the letter—"Sir, I understand
You trod on Flora's lap-dog yesterday;
Accept my *challenge*, or, by Jove, I'll brand
Your name a Coward, Sir, in every way!
So, choose your weapons—I'm a desperate hand
At sword or pistol—almost sure to slay—
And therefore answer me, and think no harm—
Meet me to-morrow morning, at *Chalk Farm!*"

* Poor Noll! what a devout worshipper of "this world's dross" was the renowned Sculptor!

V.

Chalk Farm!—I turned as white as chalk at this—
I never fought a duel in my life!
Not even for a sweet enchanting Miss,
Who some fair day might be my own fair Wife—
And should I for a lap-dog!—nought of bliss
Could follow here—besides, I hated strife.
I wrote an answer as my conscience willed—
"Sir, I've no wish to kill—nor to be killed!"

VI.

What paltry trifles make hot mortals fight!
A look, a jest, a quizzical expression,
A mere assertion, whether wrong or right,
A cold surmise, an undesigned transgression,
A morning sneer, a bottle over night,
A breach of etiquette without concession:
Here is grand matter!—most important fuel
To feed a fire that flames into a duel!

VII.

Let me not wander from my parent theme,
Nor lose the proper Post from which I started;
My verse keeps rambling, like a puny stream
From its own broad and native fountain parted:
Or, like a stray and vacillating beam
From the wide circle of its focus darted—
'Tis time to grasp imagination's rein
With steady clutches, and ride Post again!

VIII.

How many hearts with transport every morn
Beat, as the Postman gives his welcome rap!
How many more sink cheerless and forlorn,
To whom that sound is as a thunder-clap!
Some read their long epistles with deep scorn,
And deem the lines and letters as a map
That traces out the boundary of their fate,
And shows the vales of love, the hills of hate.

IX.

Though pleasing oft to see the mark "POST PAID,"
One's apt to think it *may* be from a *Dun!*
Not thus opines the pale-cheeked city maid,
Who longs to hear from her own chosen ONE;
Yet she unseals the packet, half afraid
That love's small sand may from his hour-glass run!
Thus, hope and fear alternate rule us all,
As life's barometer may rise or fall!

X.

Farewell! thou city-magazine of letters!
Farewell thou grand, though poorly-treated theme!
Farewell!—thy humble Poet, and his betters,
Must soon give o'er life's chequered, feverish dream;
For time, the tyrant, with his icy fetters,
Will bind our energies in bonds supreme:—
Thy letters—other willing hands must sort 'em,
O, TWO-PENNY POST! when 'tis with me POST *Mortem!*

THE END.

Printed by CHARLES SLOMAN, King-Street, Yarmouth.